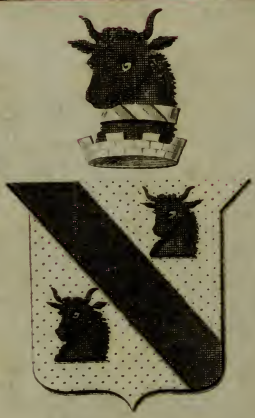


William Holgate.

Hamlet and Henry IV, Pt. 2 are both alluded to in this Play. See E3 "these true bases of Ma. Justice Shallow"; and G3 verso, "my name's Hamlet revenge" and see H, "Content, I owe God a death" — qy an allusion to Prince Henry's speech to Falstaff in Henry IV, Pt. 1?

Hamlet in Folio-Scenes
W. 326 Pl. 4 pass — "Fundamental law since
Folio Gets here Hamlet for Pt 2
Prince Hal and Falstaff New comes
Lawrence boys not Glad for a Hamlet

W. 324 - 341 -
W. 409 -
W. 282 - 324 - 326 - 327 - 416 -
Folio Scenes

Satiro-mastix.

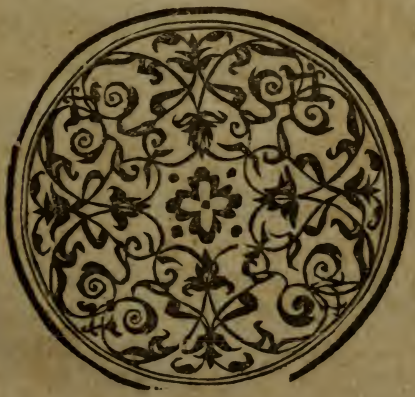
OR

The vntrussing of the Humorous Poet.

As it hath bin presented publikely, by the Right Honorable, the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants; and priuately, by the Children of Paules.

By *Thomas Dekker.*

Non recito cuiquam nisi Amicis *idq; coactus.*



LONDON,
Printed for *Edward VVhite*, and are to bee solde at his shop, neere the little North doore of Paules Church, at the signe of the Gun. 1602.

C

Dramatis personæ.

1. William Rufus.
2. Sir Walter Terill.
3. Sir Rees ap Vaughan.
4. S. Quintilian Shorthose.
5. Sir Adam Prickshaft.
6. Blunt.
7. Crispinus.
8. Demetrius Fannius.
9. Tucca.
10. Horace.
11. Asinius Bubo.
12. Peter Flash.
13. Cælestine.
14. Mistris Miniuer.
15. Ladies.

Ad Detractorem.

Non potes in Nugas dicere plura meas,
Ipse ego quam dixi.——Qui se mirantur, in illos
Virus habe: Nos hæc nouimus esse nihil.

To the VVorld.

Orld, *I was once resolu'd to bee round with thee, because I know tis thy fashion to bee round with euery bodie: but the winde shifting his point, the Veine turn'd: yet because thou wilt sit as Iudge of all matters (though for thy labour thou wear'st* Midasses *eares, and art* Monstrum horrendum, informe: Ingens cui lumen ademptum; *whose great* Poliphemian *eye is put out) I care not much if I make description (before thy* Vniuersality*) of that terrible* Poetomachia, *lately commenc'd betweene* Horace the second, *and a band of leane-witted* Poetasters. *They haue bin at high wordes, and so high, that the ground could not serue them, but (for want of* Chopins*) haue stalk't vpon Stages.*

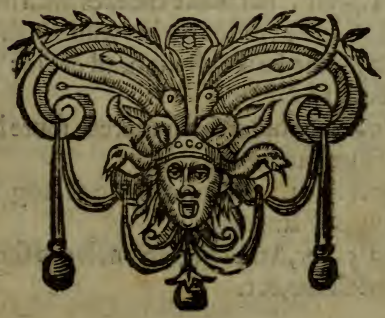
Horace *hal'd his* Poetasters *to the Barre, the* Poetasters *vntruss'd* Horace: *how worthily eyther, or how wrongfully,* (World) *leaue it to the Iurie:* Horace *(questionles) made himselfe beleeue, that his* Burgonian wit *might desperately challenge all commers, and that none durst take vp the foyles against him: It's likely, if he had not so beleiu'd, he had not bin so deceiu'd, for hee was answer'd at his owne weapon: And if before* Apollo *himselfe (who is* Coronator Poetarum*) an* Inquisition *should be taken touching this lamentable merry murdering of Innocent Poetry: all mount* Helicon

to Bun-hill, *it would be found on the* Poetasters *side* Se defendendo. *Notwithstanding the Doctors thinke otherwise. I meete one, and he runnes full Butt at me with his Satires hornes, for that in vntrussing* Horace, *I did onely whip his fortunes, and condition of life, where the more noble* Reprehension *had bin of his* mindes Deformitie, *whose greatnes if his* Criticall Lynx *had with as narrow eyes, obserü'd in himselfe, as it did little spots vpon others, without all disputation:* Horace *would not haue left* Horace *out of* Euery man in's Hvmour. *His fortunes? why does not he taxe that onely in others? Read his* Arraignement *and see. A second Cat-a-mountaine mewes, and calles me Barren, because my braines could bring foorth no other* Stigmaticke *than* Tucca, *whome* Horace *had put to making, and begot to my hand: but I wonder what language* Tucca *would haue spoke, if honest Capten* Hannam *had bin borne without a tongue? Ist not as lawfull then for mee to imitate* Horace, *as* Horace Hannam? *Besides, If I had made an opposition of any other new-minted fellow, (of what Test so euer) hee had bin out-fac'd, and out-weyed by a settled former approbation: neyther was it much improper to set the same dog vpon* Horace, *whom* Horace *had set to worrie others.*

I could heere (ceuen with the feather of my pen) wipe off other ridiculous imputations: but my best way to answer them, is to laugh at them: onely thus much I protest (and sweare by the diuinest part of true Poesie) that (howsoeuer the limmes of my naked lines may bee and I know haue haue bin tortur'd on the racke) they are free from conspiring the least disgrace to any man, but onely to our new Horace; *neyther should this ghost of* Tucca, *haue walkt vp and downe Poules Church-yard, but that hee was raiz'd vp (in print) by newe* Exorcismes. World, *if thy* Hugenes *will beleiue this: doe, if not, I care not: for I dedicate my booke not to thy* Greatnes, *but to the* Greatnes of thy scorne: *Defying which, let that mad Dog* Detraction

traction *bite till his teeth bee worne to the ſtumps:* Enuy *feede thy Snakes ſo fat with poyſon till they burſt:* World, *let all thy Adders ſhoote out their* Hidra-headed-forked *Stinges,* Ha, Ha, Nauci; *if none will take my part, (as I deſire none) yet I thanke thee (thou true* Venuſian Horace) *for theſe good wordes thou giu'ſt me:* Populus me ſibylat at mihi plaudo. World *farewell.*

Malim Conuiuis quàm placuiſse Cocis.



Ad Lectorem.

IN ſteed of the Trumpets ſounding thrice, before the Play begin: it ſhall not be amiſſe (for him that will read) firſt to beholde this ſhort Comedy of Errors, and where the greateſt enter, to giue them in ſtead of a hiſſe, a gentle correction.

In letter C. Page. 1. for, Whom I adorn'd as Subiects: Read, Whom I ador'd as, &c.

In Letter C Pa. 3, for, Ile ſtarte thence poore: Read, Ile ſtarue their poore, &c.

In Letter C Pa. 6. for, her white cheekes with her dregs and bottome: Read, her white cheekes with the dregs and, &c.

In the ſame Page, for, Strike off the head of Sin: Read, Strike off the ſwolne head, &c.

In the ſame Page, for, that of fiue hundred, foure hundred fiue Read, that of fiue hundred: foure.

In Letter G, pa. 1. for, this enterchanging of languages: Read, this enterchange of language.

In Letter L. pa 5. for, And ſtinging inſolence ſhould: Read, And ſtinking inſolence, &c.

*The Vntrussing of the Humo-*rous Poet.

Enter two Gentlewomen strewing of flowers.

1 COme bedfellow come, strew apace, strew, strew: in good troth tis pitty that these flowers must be trodden vnder feete as they are like to bee anon.

2 Pitty, alacke pretty heart, thou art sorry to see any good thing fall to the ground: pitty? no more pitty, then to see an Innocent Mayden-head deliuered vp to the ruffling of her new-wedded husband. Beauty is made for vse, and hee that will not vse a sweet soule well, when she is vnder his fingers I pray *Venus* he may neuer kisse a faire and a delicate, soft, red, plump-lip.

1. Amen, and that's torment enough.

2. Pitty? come foole, fling them about lustily; flowers neuer dye a sweeter death, than when they are smoother'd to death in a Louers bosome, or else paue the high wayes, ouer which these pretty, simpring, ietting things, call'd brides, must trippe.

1. I pray thee tell mee, why doe they vse at weddings to furnish all places thus, with sweet hearbes and flowers?

2. One reason is, because tis——— ô a most sweet thing to lye with a man.

1. I thinke tis a O more more more more sweet to lye with a woman.

2. I warrant all men are of thy minde: another reason is, because they sticke like the scutchions of madame chastity, on the sable ground, weeping in their stalkes, and winckking with theyr yellow-sunke eyes, as loath to beholde the lamentable fall of a Maydenhead: what senceles thing in all the house, that is not nowe as melancholy, as a new set-vp Schoolemaster?

1. Troth I am.

2. Troth I thinke thou mournst, because th'ast mist thy turne, I doe by the quiuer of *Cupid*: you see the torches melt themselues away in teares: the instruments weare theyr heart stringes out for sorrow: and the Siluer Ewers weepe most pittifull Rosewater: fiue or sixe payre of the white innocent wedding gloues, did in my sight choose rather to be torne in peeces than to be drawne on; and looke this Rosemary, (a fatall hearbe) this dead-mans nose-gay, has crept in amongst these flowers to decke th'nuisible coarse of the Brides Maydenhead, when (oh how much do we poore wenches suffer) abouteleuen or twelue, or one a clock at midnight at furthest, it descends to purgatory, to giue notice that *Celestine* (hey ho) will neuer come to lead Apes in hell.

1. I see by thy sighing thou wilt not.

2. If I had as many Mayden-heads, as I haue hayres on my head, Ide venture them all rather then to come into so hot a place; prethy strew thou, for my little armes are weary.

1. I am sure thy little tongue is not.

2. No faith that's like a woman bitten w̃ fleas, it neuerlyes stil; fye vpont, what a miserable thing tis to be a noble Bride, there's such delayes in rising, in fitting gownes, in tyring, in pinning Rebatoes, in poaking, in dinner, in supper, in Reuels, & last of all in cursing the poore nodding fidlers, for keeping mistris bride so long vp from sweeter Reuels; that, oh I could

neuer

neuer endure to put it vp without much bickering.

1. Come th'art an odde wench, hark, harke, musicke? nay then the Bride's vp.

2. Is she vp? nay then I see she has been downe: Lord ha mercy on vs, we women fall and fall still, and when we haue husbands we play vpon them like Virginall Iackes, they must ryse and fall to our humours, or else they'l neuer get any good straines of musicke out of vs; but come now, haue at it for a may-den-head. *strew.*

As they strew, enter Sir Quintilian Shorthose *with* Peeter Flash *and two or three seruingmen, with lights.*

Sir quin. Come knaues, night begins to be like my selfe, an olde man; day playes the theese and steales vpon vs; O well done wenches, well done, well done, you haue couered all the stony way to church with flowers, tis well, tis well, ther's an Embleame too, to be made out of these flowers and stones, but you are honest wenches, in, in, in.

2. When we come to your yeares, we shal learne what honesty is, come pew-fellow. *Exeunt.*

Sir quin. Is the musicke come yet? so much to do! Ist come?

Omnes. Come sir.

Sir quin. Haue the merry knaues pul'd their fiddle cases ouer their instruments eares?

Flash. As soone as ere they entred our gates, the noyse went, before they came nere the great Hall, the faint hearted villiacoes sounded at least thrice.

Sir quin. Thou shouldst haue reuiu'd them with a Cup of burnt wine and sugar; sirra, you, horse-keeper, goe, bid them curry theyr strings: Is my daughter vp yet? *Exit.*

Flash. Vp sir? she was seene vp an houre a goe.

Sir quin. Shee's an early sturrer, ah sirra.

Flash. Shee'l be a late sturrer soone at night sir.

Sir Quint. Goe too *Peeter Flash*, you haue a good sodaine flash of braine, your wittes husky, and no maruaile, for tis like one of our Comedians beardes, still ith stubble: about your busines, and looke you be nymble to flye from the wine, or the nymble wine will catch you by the nose.

Flash. If your wine play with my nose Sir, Ile knocke 's coxcombe.

Sir quin. Doe *Peeter*, and weare it for thy labour; Is my Sonne in Law Sir *Walter Terell* ready yet?

Omnes. Ready sir. *Exit another.*

Sir Quin. One of you attend him: Stay *Flash*, where's the note of the guestes you haue inuited?

Flash. Here Sir, Ile pull all your guestes out of my bosome; the men that will come, I haue croft, but all the Gentlewomen haue at the tayle of the last letter a pricke, because you may read them the better.

Sir quint. My spectacles, lyght, lyght, knaues: Sir *Adam Prickshaft*, thou hast croft him, heele come.

Flash. I had much a doe sir, to draw Sir *Adam Prickeshaft* home, because I tolde him twas early, but heele come.

Sir quint. Iustice *Crop*, what will he come?

Flash. He tooke phisicke yesterday sir.

Sir quint. Oh then *Crop* cannot come.

Flash. O Lord yes, sir yes, twas but to make more roome in his Crop for your good cheare, *Crop* will come.

Sir quint. Widdow *Meneuer.*

Flash. Shee's prickt you see sir, and will come.

Sir quint. Sir *Vaughan ap Rees*, oh hee's croft twise, so, so, so, then all these Ladyes, that fall downewardes heere, will come I see, and all these Gentlemen that stand right before them.

Flash. All wil come.

Sir quint. Well sayd, heere, wryte them out agen, and put the men from the women; and *Peeter*, when we are at Church

bring

bring wine and cakes, be light & nimble good *Flash*, for your burden will be but light.

Enter sir Adam *a light before him.*

Sir Adam Prickeshaft God morrow, god morrow: goe, in, in, in, to the Bridegroome, taste a cup of burnt wine this morning, twill make you flye the better all the day after.

Sir Adam. You are an early styrrer Sir *Quintilian Shorthose.*

Sir qui. I am so, it behoues me at my daughters wedding, in, in, in; fellow put out thy torch, and put thy selfe into my buttery, the torch burnes ill in thy hand, the wine will burne better in thy belly, in in.

Flash. Ware there, roome for *Sir Adam Prickeshaft:* your Worship——— *Exit.*

Enter Sir Vaughan *and Mistris* Mineuer.

Sir quin. Sir *Vaughan* aud Widdow *Mineuer*, welcome, welcome, a thousand times: my lips Mistris Widdow shall bid you God morrow, in, in, one to the Bridegroome, the other to the Bride.

Sir Vaughen. Why then Sir *quiontilian Shorthose*, I will step into mistris Bride, and Widdow *Mineuer*, shall goe vpon M. Bridegroome.

Mineu. No pardon, for by my truely *Sir Vaughan*, Ile ha no dealings with any M. Bridegroomes.

Sir quin. In widdow in, in honest knight in.

Sir Vaug. I will vsher you mistris widdow.

Flash. Light there for sir *Vaughan*; your good Worship—

Sir Vaug. Drinke that shilling Ma. *Pecter Flash*, in your guttes and belly.

Fla. Ile not drinke it downe sir, but Ile turne it into that which shall run downe, oh merrily!

Exit Sir Vaughan.

Enter Blunt, Crispinus, Demetrius, *and others with Ladies, lights before them.*

Sir quin. God morrow to these beauties, and Gentlemen, that haue Vshered this troope of Ladyes to my daughters wedding, welcome, welcome all; musick? nay then the bridegroome's comming, where are these knaues heere?

Flash. All here sir.

Enter Terill, Sir Adam, Sir Vaughan, Celestine, Mineuer, *and other Ladies and attendants with lights.*

Teri. God morrow Ladies and fayre troopes of gallants, that haue depos'd the drowzy King of sleep, *to Crowne our* traine with your rich presences, *I salute you all;*
Each one share thanks from thanks in generall.

Cris. God morrow M. Bride-groome, mistris Bride.

Omnes. God morrow M. Bride-groome.

Ter. Gallants I shal intreate you to prepare,
For Maskes and Reuels to defeate the night,
Our Soueraigne will in person grace our marriage.

Sir quin. What will the king be heer?

Ter. Father he will.

Sir quin Where be these knaues? More Rose-mary and gloues, gloues, gloues: choose Gentlemen; Ladyes put on soft skins vpon the skin of softer hands; so, so: come mistris Bride take you your place, the olde men first, and then the Batchelors; Maydes with the Bride, Widdows and wiues together, the priest's at Church, tis time that we march thether

Ter. Deare *Blunt* at our returne from Church, take paines to step to *Horace*, for our nuptiall songs; now Father when you please.

Sir quin. Agreed, set on, come good Sir *Vaughan*, must we lead

lead the way?

Sir Vau. Pecter you goe too faſt for Miſtris pride: ſo, gingerly, gingerly; I muſe why *Sir Adam Prickeſhaft* ſticks ſo ſhort behinde?

Sir quin. He follows cloſe, not too faſt, holde vp knaues,
Thus we lead youth to church, they vs to graues. *Exeunt.*

Horrace ſitting in a ſtudy behinde a Curtaine, a candle by him burning, bookes lying confuſedly: to himſelfe.

Hor. To thee whoſe fore-head ſwels with Roſes,
Whoſe moſt haunted bower
Giues life & ſent to euery flower,
Whoſe moſt adored name incloſes,
Things abſtruſe, deep and diuine,
Whoſe yellow treſſes ſhine,
Bright as *Eoan* fire.
O me thy Prieſt inſpire.
For I to thee and thine immortall name,
In-in-in golden tunes,
For I to thee and thine immortall name——
In-ſacred raptures flowing, flowing, ſwimming, ſwimming:
In ſacred raptures ſwimming,
Immortall name, game, dame, tame, lame, lame, lame,
Pux, hath, ſhame, proclaime, oh——
In Sacred raptures flowing, will proclaime, not——
O me thy Prieſt inſpyre!
For I to thee and thine immortall name,
In flowing numbers fild with ſpright and flame,
Good, good, in flowing numbers fild with ſpright & flame.

Enter Aſinius Bubo.

Aſini. Horace, Horace, my ſweet ningle, is alwayes in labour when I come, the nine Muſes be his midwiues I pray *Iupiter:* Ningle.

Hor. I

Hor. In flowing numbers fild with sprite and flame,
To thee.

Asini. To me? I pledge thee sweet Ningle, by *Bacchus* quaffing boule, I thought th'adst drunke to me,

Hor. It must haue been in the deuine lycour of *Pernassus*, then in which, I know you would scarce haue pledg'd me, but come sweet roague, sit, sit, sit.

Asini. Ouer head and eares y faith? I haue a sacke-full of newes for thee, thou shalt plague some of them, if God send vs life and health together.

Hor. Its no matter, empty thy sacke anon, but come here first honest roague, come.

Asini. Ist good, Ist good, pure *Helicon* ha?

Hor. Dam me ist be not the best that euer came from me, if I haue any iudgement, looke sir, tis an *Epithalamium* for Sir *Walter Terrels* wedding, my braines haue giuen assault to it but this morning.

Asin. Then I hope to see them flye out like gun-powder ere night.

Hor. Nay good roague marke, for they are the best lynes that euer I drew.

Asin. Heer's the best leafe in England, but on, on, Ile but tune this Pipe.

Hor. Marke, *to thee whose fore-head swels with Roses.*

Asin. O sweet, but will there be no exceptions taken, because fore-head and swelling comes together?

Hor. Push, away, away, its proper, besides tis an elegancy to say the fore head swels.

Asin. Nay an't be proper, let it stand for Gods loue.

Hor. Whose most haunted bower,
Giues life and sent to euery flower.
Whose most adored name incloses,
Things abstruse, deep and diuine.
Whose yellow tresses shine,

Bright

Bright as *Eoan* fire.

Asini. O pure, rich, ther's heate in this, on, on.

Hor. Bright as *Eoan* fire,
O me thy Priest inspire!
For I to thee and thine immortall name---*marke this.*
In flowing numbers fild with spryte and flame.

Asini. I mary, ther's spryte and flame in this.

Ho. A pox, a this Tobacco.

Asin. Wod this case were my last, if I did not marke, nay all's one, I haue alwayes a consort of Pypes about me, myne Ingle is all fire and water; I markt, by this Candle (which is none of Gods Angels) I remember, you started back at sprite and flame.

Hor. For I to thee and thine immortall name,
In flowing numbers fild with sprite and flame,
To thee Loues mightiest King,
Himen ô *Himen* does our chaste Muse sing.

Asin. Ther' smusicke in this;

Hor. Marke now deare *Asinius.*
Let these virgins quickly see thee,
Leading out the Bride,
Though theyr blushing cheekes they hide,
Yet with kisses will they see thee,
To vntye theyr Virgin zone,
They grieue to lye alone.

Asini. So doe I by *Venus.*

Hor. Yet with kisses wil they see thee, my Muse has marcht (deare roague) no farder yet: but how ist? how ist? nay prethee good *Asinius* deale plainly, doe not flatter me, come, how?——

Asin. If I haue any iudgement:

Hor. Nay look you Sir, and then follow a troope of other rich and labour'd conceipts, oh the end shall be admirable! but how ist sweet *Bubo*, how, how?

Asini. If I haue any Iudgement, tis the best stuffe that euer dropt from thee.

Hor. You ha seene my Acrosticks?

Asi. Ile put vp my pypes and then Ile see any thing.

Hor. Th'ast a Coppy of mine Odes to, hast not Bubo?

Asi. Your odes? O that which you spake by word a mouth at th'ordinary, when Musco the gull cryed Mew at it:

Hor. A pox on him poore braineles Rooke: and you remember, I tolde him his wit lay at pawne with his new Sattin sute, and both would be lost, for not fetching home by a day.

Asi. At which he would faine ha blusht but that his painted cheekes would not let him.

Hor. Nay sirra the Palinode, which I meane to stitch to my Reuels, shall be the best and ingenious peece that euer I swet for; stay roague, Ile fat thy spleane and make it plumpe with laughter.

Asi. Shall I? fayth Ningle, shall I see thy secrets?

Hor. Puh my friends.

Asi. But what fardle's that? what fardle's that?

Hor. Fardle, away, tis my packet; heere lyes intoomb'd the loues of Knights and Earles, heere tis, heere tis, heere tis, Sir Walter Terils letter to me, and my answere to him: I no sooner opened his letter, but there appeared to me three glorious Angels, whome I adorn'd, as subiectes doe their Soueraignes: the honest knight Angles for my acquaintance, with such golden baites —— but why doost laugh my good roague? how is my answere, prethee, how, how?

Asi. Answere, as God iudge me Ningle, for thy wit thou mayst answer any Iustice of peace in England I warrant; thou writ'st in a most goodly big hand too, I like that, & readst as leageably as some that haue bin sau'd by their neck-verse.

Hor. But how dost like the Kinghts inditing?

Asi. If I haue any iudgement; a pox ont, heer's worship-

full

full lynes indeed, heer's ſtuffe: but ſirra Ningle, of what fa-
ſhion is this knights wit, of what blocke?

Aſi. Why you ſee; wel, wel, an ordinary Ingenuity, a good wit for a knight, you know how, before God I am haunted with ſome the moſt pitteyfull dry gallants. (a far off.

Aſin Troth ſo I think; good peeces of lantskip, ſhew beſt

Hor. I, I, I, excellent ſumpter horſes, carry good cloaths; but honeſt roague, come, what news, what newes abroad? I haue heard a the horſes walking a'th top of Paules.

Aſi. Ha ye? why thē Captain Tucca rayles vpon you moſt prepoſterouſly behinde your backe, did you not heare him?

Ho. A pox vpon him: by the white & ſoft hand of *Minerua*, Ile make him the moſt ridiculous: dam me if I bring not's humor ath ſtage: &--ſcuruy lymping tongu'd captaine, poor greaſie buffe Ierkin, hang him: tis out of his Element to traduce me: I am too well ranckt *Aſinius* to bee ſtab'd with his dudgion wit: ſirra, Ile compoſe an Epigram vpon him, ſhall goe thus ——

Aſi. Nay I ha more news, ther's Criſpinus & his Iorney-man Poet Demetrius Faninus too, they ſweare they'll bring your life & death vpon'th ſtage like a Bricklayer in a play.

Hor. Bubo they muſt preſſe more valiant wits than theyr own to do it: me ath ſtage? ha, ha, Ile ſtarte thence poore copper-lace workmaſters, that dare play me: I can bring (& that they quake at) a prepar'd troope of gallants, who for my ſake ſhal diſtaſte euery vnſalted line, in their fly-blowne Comedies

Aſi. Nay that's certaine, ile bring 100. gallants of my ranke

Hor. That ſame Criſpinus is the ſillieſt Dor, and Faninus the ſlighteſt cob-web-lawne peece of a Poet, oh God!
Why ſhould I care what euery Dor doth buz
In credulous eares, it is a crowne to me,
That the beſt iudgements can report me wrong'd.

Aſi. I am one of them that can report it:

Hor. I thinke but what they are, and am not moou'd,

The one a light voluptuous Reueler,
The other, a strange arrogating puffe,
Both impudent, and arrogant enough.

Asin. S'lid do not Criticus Reuel in these lynes, ha Ningle ha? *Knocking.*

Hor. Yes, they're mine owne.

Cris. Horrace.

Dem. Flaccus.

Cris. Horrace, not vp yet;

Hor. Peace, tread softly, hyde my Papers; who's this so early?
Some of my rookes, some of my guls?

Cris. Horrace, Flaccus.

Hor. Who's there? stay, treade softly: *Wat Terill* on my life: who's there? my gowne sweete roague, so, come vp, come in.

Enter Crispinus *and* Demetrius.

Cris. God morrow Horrace.

Hor. O, God saue you gallants.

Cris. *Asinius* Bubo well met.

Asin. Nay I hope so Crispinus, yet I was sicke a quarter of a yeare a goe of a vehement great tooth-atch: a pox ont, it bit me vilye, as God sa me la I knew twas you by your knocking so soone as I saw you; Demetrius Fannius, wil you take a whiffe this morning? I haue tickling geare now, heer's that will play with your nose, and a pype of mine owne scowring too.

Dem. I, and a Hodgshead too of your owne, but that will neuer be scowred cleane I feare.

Asin. I burnt my pype yesternight, and twas neuer vsde since, if you will tis at your seruice gallants, and Tobacco too, tis right pudding I can tell you; a Lady or two, tooke a pype full or two at my hands, and praizde it for the Heauens, shall

I fill

I fill Flannius?

Dem. I thanke you good Asinius for your loue,
I fildome take that Phisicke, tis enough
Hauing so much foole to take him in snuffe.

Hor. Good Bubo read some booke, and giue vs leaue.---

As. Leaue haue you deare Ningle, marry for reading any book Ile take my death vpont (as my Ningle sayes) tis out of my Elemēt: no faith, euer since I felt one hit me ith teeth that the greatest Clarkes are not the wisest men, could I abide to goe to Schoole, I was at *As in presenti* and left there: yet because Ile not be counted a worse foole then I am, Ile turne ouer a new leafe.

Asinius *reads and takes Tobacco.*

Hor. To see my fate, that when I dip my pen
In distilde Roses, and doe striue to dreine,
Out of myne Inke all gall; that when I wey
Each sillable I write or speake, because
Mine enemies with sharpe and searching eyes
Locke through & through me, caruing my poore labours
Like an Anotomy: Oh heauens to see,
That when my lines are measur'd out as straight
As euen Paralels, tis strange that still,
Still some imagine they are drawne awry.
The error is not mine, but in theyr eye,
That cannot take proportions.

Crif. Horrace, Horrace,
To stand within the shot of galling tongues,
Proues not your gilt, for could we write on paper,
Made of these turning leaues of heauen, the cloudes,
Or speake with Angels tongues: yet wise men know,
That some would shake the head, tho Saints should sing,
Some snakes must hisse, because they're borne with stings.

Hor. Tis true.

Crif. Doe we not see fooles laugh at heauen? and mocke

The makers workmanship; be not you grieu'd
If that which you molde faire, vpright and smooth,
Be skrwed awry, made crooked, lame and vile,
By racking coments, and calumnious tongues,
So to be bit it rankcles not: for innocence
May with a feather brush off the foulest wrongs.
But when your dastard wit will strike at men
In corners, and in riddles folde the vices
Of your best friends, you must not take to heart,
If they take off all gilding from their pilles,
And onely offer you the bitter Coare.

Hor. Crispinus.

Cri. Say that you haue not sworne vnto your Paper,
To blot her white cheekes with her dregs and bottome
Of your friends priuate vices: say you sweare
Your loue and your aleageance to bright vertue
Makes you descend so low, as to put on
The Office of an Executioner,
Onely to strike off the head of sinne,
Where ere you finde it standing,
Say you sweare;
And make damnation parcell of your oath,
That when your lashing iestes make all men bleed;
Yet you whip none. Court, Citty, country, friends,
Foes, all must smart alike; yet Court, nor Citty,
Nor foe, nor friend, dare winch at you; great pitty.

Dem. If you sweare, dam me Faninus, or Crispinus,
Or to the law (*Our kingdomes golden chaine*)
To Poets dam me, or to Players dam me,
If I brand you, or you, tax you. scourge you:
I wonder then, that of fiue hundred. foure hundred fiue,
Should all point with their fingers in one instant
At one and the same man?

Hor. Deare Faninus.

Dem. Come, you cannot excuse it.

Hor. Heare me, I can ——

Dem. You must daube on thicke collours then to hide it.

Cris. We come like your Phisitions, to purge
Your sicke and daungerous minde of her disease.

Dem. In troth we doe, out of our loues we come,
And not reuenge, but if you strike vs still,
We must defend our reputations:
Our pens shall like our swords be alwayes sheath'd,
Vnlesse too much prouockt, Horace if then
They draw bloud of you, blame vs not, we are men:
Come, let thy Muse beare vp a smoother sayle,
Tis the easiest and the basest Arte to raile.

Hor. Deliuer me your hands, I loue you both,
As deare as my owne soule, prooue me, and when
I shall traduce you, make me the scorne of men.

Both. Enough, we are friends.

Cri. What reads Asinius?

Asi. By my troth heer's an excellent comfortable booke, it's most sweet reading in it.

Dem. Why, what does it smell of Bubo?

Asi. Mas it smels of Rose-leaues a little too.

Hor. Then it must needs be a sweet booke, he would faine perfume his ignorance.

Asi. I warrant he had wit in him that pen'd it.

Cris. Tis good yet a foole will confesse truth.

Asi. The whoorson made me meete with a hard stile in two or three places as I went ouer him.

Dem. I beleeue thee, for they had need to be very lowe & easie Stiles of wit that thy braines goe ouer.

Enter Blunt *and* Tucca.

Blun. Wher's this gallant? Morrow Gentlemen: what's this deuise done yet Horace?

Hor. Gods

Hor. Gods so, what meane you to let this fellow dog you into my Chamber?

Blun. Oh, our honest Captayne, come, prethee let vs see.

Tuc. Why you bastards of nine whoores, the Muses, why doe you walk heere in this gorgeous gailery of gallant muentions, with that whoorefon poore lyme & hayre- rascall? why———

Cris. O peace good Tucca, we are all sworne friends,

Tuc. Sworne, that Iudas yonder that walkes in Rug, will dub you Knights ath poste, if you serue vnder his band of oaths, the copper-fact rascal will for a good supper out sweare twelue dozen of graund Iuryes.

Blun. A pox ont, not done yet, and bin about it three dayes?

Hor. By Iesu within this houre, saue you Captayne Tucca.

Tuc. Dam thee, thou thin bearded Hermaphrodite, dam thee, Ile saue my selfe for one I warrant thee, is this thy Tub Diogines?

Hor. Yes Captaine this is my poore lodging.

Asin. *Morrow Captaine Tucca*, will you whiffe this morning?

Tuc. Art thou there goates pizzel; no godamercy Caine I am for no whiffs I, come hether sheep-skin-weauer, s'foote thou lookst as though th'adst beg'd out of a Iayle: drawe, I meane not thy face (for tis not worth drawing) but drawe neere: this way, martch, follow your commaunder you scoundrell: So, thou must run of an errand for mee Mephostophiles.

Hor. To doe you pleasure Captayne I will, but whether

Tuc. To hell, thou knowst the way, to hell my fire and brimstone, to hell; dost stare my Sarsens-head at Newgate?

dost

doſt gloate? Ile march through thy dunkirkes guts, for ſhooting ieſtes at me.

Hor. Deare Captaine but one word.

Tuc. Out bench-whiſtler out, ile not take thy word for a dagger Pye: you browne-bread-mouth ſtinker, ile teach thee to turne me into Bankes his horſe, and to tell gentlemen I am a Iugler, and can ſhew trickes.

Hor. Captaine Tucca, but halfe a word in your eare.

Tuc. No you ſtaru'd raſcal, thou't bite off mine eares then, you muſt haue three or foure ſuites of names, when like a lowſie Pediculous vermin th'aſt but one ſuite to thy backe: you muſt be call'd Aſper, and Criticus, and Horace, thy tytle's longer a reading then the Stile a the big Turkes: Aſper, Criticus, Quintus, Horatius, Flacucs.

Hor. Captaine I know vpon what euen baſes I ſtand, and therefore ——

Tuc. Baſes? wud the roague were but ready for me.

Blun. Nay prethee deare Tucca, come you ſhall ſhake——

Tuc. Not hands with great Hunkes there, not hands, but Ile ſhake the gull-groper out of his tan'd skinne.

Criſp. & Deme. For our ſake Captaine, nay prethee holde.

Tuc. Thou wrongſt heere a good honeſt raſcall Criſpinus, and a poore varlet Demetrius Fanninus (bretheren in thine owne trade of Poetry) thou ſayſt Criſpinus Sattin dublet is Reauel'd out heere, and that this penurious ſneaker is out at elboes, goe two my good full mouth' d ban-dog, Ile ha thee friends with both.

Hor. With all my heart captaine Tucca, and with you too, Ile laye my handes vnder your feete, to keepe them from aking.

Omnes. Can you haue any more?

Tuc. Saiſt thou me ſo, olde Coale come? doo't then; yet tis no matter neither, Ile haue thee in league firſt with theſe two

rowly powlies: they shal be thy Damons and thou their Pithy-asse; Crispinus shall giue thee an olde cast Sattin suite, and Demetrius shall write thee a Scene or two, in one of thy strong garlicke Comedies; and thou shalt take the guilt of conscience for't, and sweare tis thine owne olde lad, tis thine owne: thou neuer yet fels't into the hands of sattin, didst?

Hor Neuer Captaine I thanke God.

Tuc Goe too, thou shalt now King Gorboduck, thou shalt, because Ile ha thee damn'd, Ile ha thee all in Sattin: Asper, Criticus, Quintus, Horatius, Flaccus, Crispinus shal doo't, thou shalt doo't, heyre apparant of Helicon, thou shalt doo't.

Asi. Mine Ingle weare an olde cast Sattin suite?

Tuc. I wafer-face your Ningle.

Asi. If he carry the minde of a Gentleman, he'll scorne it at's heeles.

Tuc. Mary muffe, my man a ginger-bread, wilt eate any small coale?

Asi. No Captaine, wod you should well know it, great coale shall not fill my bellie.

Tuc. Scorne it, dost scorne to be arrested at one of his olde Suites?

Hor. No Captaine, Ile weare any thing.

Tuc. I know thou wilt, I know th'art an honest low minded Pigmey, for I ha seene thy shoulders lapt in a Plaiers old cast Cloake, like a Slie knaue as thou art: and when thou ranst mad for the death of Horatio: thou borrowedst a gowne of Roscius the Stager, (that honest Nicodemus) and sentst it home lowsie, didst not? *Responde*, didst not?

Blun. So, so, no more of this, within this houre ———

Hor. If I can sound retreate to my wits, with whome this leader is in skirmish, Ile end within this houre.

Tuc. What wut end? wut hang thy selfe now? has he not writ Finis yet Iacke? what will he bee fifteene weekes about this Cockatrices egge too? has hee not cackeld yet? not

laide

laide yet?

Blunt. Not yet, hee ſweares hee will within this houre.

Tuc. His wittes are ſomewhat hard bound: the Puncke his Muſe has ſore labour ere the whoore bee deliuered: the poore ſaffron-cheeke Sun-burnt Gipſie wantes Phiſicke; giue the hungrie-face pudding-pye-eater ten Pilles: ten ſhillings my faire Angelica, they'l make his Muſe as yare as a tumbler.

Blu. He ſhall not want for money if heele write.

Tuc. Goe by Ieronimo, goe by; and heere, drop the ten ſhillings into this Baſon; doe, drop, when Iacke? hee ſhall call me his Mœcenas: beſides, Ile dam vp's Ouen-mouth for raylingat's: So, iſt right Iacke? iſt ſterling? fall off now to the vauward of yonder foure Stinkers, and aske alowde if wee ſhall goe? the Knight ſhall defray Iacke, the Knight when it comes to *Summa totalis*, the Knyght, the Knight.———

Blu. Well Gentlemen, we'll leaue you, ſhall we goe Captaine? good Horrace make ſome haſt.

Hor. Ile put on wings.

Aſin. I neuer ſawe mine Ingle ſo daſht in my life before.

Criſ. Yes once Aſinius.

Aſi. Mas you ſay true, hee was daſht worſe once going (in a rainy day) with a ſpeech to'th Tilt-yard, by Gods lyd has call'd him names, a dog would not put vp, that had any diſcreation.

Tuc. Holde, holde vp thy hand, I ha ſeene the day thou didſt not ſcorne to holde vp thy golles: ther's a Souldiers Spur-royall, twelue pence: Stay, becauſe I know thou cauſt not write without quick-ſiluer; vp agen, this goll agen, I giue thee double preſſe-money: Stay, becauſe I know thou haſt a noble head, ile deuide my Crowne, ô royall Porrex, ther's a

teston more; goe, thou and thy Muse munch, doe, munch; come my deare Mandrake, if Skeldring fall not to decay, thou shalt florish: farewell my sweet *Amadis de Gaule*, farewell.

Hor. Deare Captaine.

Tuc. Come lacke.

Dem. Nay Captaine stay, we are of your band.

Tuc. March faire then:

Cri. Horace farewell, adue Asinius *Exeunt.*

Asi. Ningle lets goe to some Tauerne, and dine together, for my stomacke rises at this scurvy leather Captaine.

Hor. No, they haue choakt me with mine owne disgrace, Which (fooles) ile spit againe euen in your face. *Exeunt*

Enter Sir Quintilian Shorthose, Sir Adam, Sir Vaughan, Mineuer *with seruingmen.*

Sir quinti. Knaues, Varlets, what Lungis, giue me a dozen of stooles there.

Sir Vau. Sesu plesse vs all in our fiue sences a peece, what meane yee sir Kintilian Sorthose to stand so much on a dozen stooles, heere be not preeches inuffe to hyde a dozen stooles, vnlesse you wisse some of vs preake his sinnes.

Sir quin. I say sir Vaughan no shinne shal be broken heere, what lungis, a chayre with a stronge backe, and a soft belly, great with childe, with a cushion for this reuerend Lady.

Mineu. God neuer gaue me the grace to be a Lady, yet I ha beene worshipt in my conscience to my face a thousand times, I cannot denye sir Vaughan, but that I haue all implements, belonging to the vocation of a Lady.

Sir Vaughan. I trust mistris Mineuer you haue all a honest oman shud haue?

Min. Yes perdie, as my Coach, and my fan, and a man

or

or two that ſerue my turne, and other things which Ide bee loath euery one ſhould ſee, becauſe they ſhal not be common, I am in manner of a Lady in one point.

Sir Vaug. I pray miſtris Mineuers, let vs all ſee that point for our better vnderſtanding.

Min. For I ha ſome thinges that were fetcht (I am ſure) as farre as ſome of the Low Countries, and I payde ſweetly for them too, and they tolde me they were good for Ladies.

Sir qui. And much good do't thy good heart faire widdow with them.

Min. I am fayre enough to bee a Widdow, Sir Quintilian.

Sir Vaug. In my ſoule and conſcience, and well fauoured enough to be a Lady: heere is ſir Kintilian Sorthoſe, and heere is ſir Adam Prickſhaft, a ſentleman of a very good braine, and well-headed: you ſee he ſhootes his bolt ſildome, but when Adam lets goe, he hits: and heere is ſir Vaughan ap Rees, and I beleeue if God ſud take vs all from his mercy, as I hope hee will not yet; we all three loue you, at the bottome of our bellyes, and our hearts: and therefore miſtris Mineuer, if you pleaſe, you ſhall be knighted by one of vs, whom you ſall deſire to put into your deuice and minde.

Min. One I muſt haue ſir Vaughan.

Sir qu n. And one of vs thou ſhalt haue widdow.

Min. One I muſt haue, for now euery one ſeekes to crow ouer me.

Sir Vaug. By Seſu and if I finde any crowing ouer you, & he were a cocke (come out as farre as in Turkeys country) tis poſſible to cut his combe off.

Min. I muſe why ſir Adam Prickſhaft flyes ſo farre from vs.

Sir Adam. I am in a browne ſtudy, my deare, if loue ſhould bee turned into a beaſt, what beaſt hee were fit to bee turned into.

Sir quint.

Sir quinti. I thinke Sir Adam an Asse, because of his bearing.

Min. I thinke (sauing your reuerence) Sir Adam a puppy, for a dog is the most louing creature to a christian that is, vnles it be a childe.

Sir Ad. No, I thinke if loue should bee turn'd away, and goe to serue any beast, it must bee an Ape, and my reason ——

Sir Vaugh. Sir Adam, an Ape? ther's no more reason in an Ape, than in a very plaine Monkey; for an Ape has no tayle, but we all know, or tis our duty to know, loue has two tailes; In my sudsiment, if loue be a beast, that beast is a bunce of Reddis; for a bunce of Reddis is wise meate without Mutton, and so is loue.

Mi. Ther's the yawning Captaine (sauing your reuerence that has such a sore mouth) would one day needes perswade me, that loue was a Rebato; and his reason was (sauing your reuerence) that a Rebato was worne out with pinning too often; and so he said loue was.

Sir Vaugh. And Master Captaine Tucca sayd wisely, too, loue is a Rebato indeede: a Rebato must be poaked; now many women weare Rebatoes, and many that weare Rebatoes ——

Sir Adam. Must be poakt.

Sir Vau. Sir Adam Prickshaft has hit the cloute. *Musicke*

Sir qui. The Musicke speakes to vs, we'll haue a daunce before dinner.

Enter Sir Walter Terrill, Cælestine, Blunt, Crispinus, *and* Demetrius, *euery one with a Lady.*

All. The King's at hand.

Ter. Father the King's at hand.

Musicke talke lowder, that thy siluer voice,
May reach my Soueraignes eares.

Sir Vaug. I pray doe so, Musitions bestir your fingers, that you

you may haue vs all by the eares.

Sir quin His Grace comes, a Hall varlets, where be my men? blow, blow your colde Trumpets till they sweate; tickle them till they sound agen.

Blun. Best goe meete his Grace.

All. Agreed.

Sir Vaug. Pray all stand bare, as well men as women: Sir Adam is best you hide your head for feare your wise braines take key-colde: on afore Sir Kinsilian; Sentlemen fall in before he Ladyes, in seemely order and fashion; so this is come-tye.

Enter Trumpets sounding, they goe to the doore, and meete the King and his Traine, and whilst the Trumpets sound the King is welcom'd, kisses the Bride, and honors the Bride-groome in dumbe show.

King. Nay if your pleasures shrinke at sight of vs,
We shall repent this labour, Mistris Bride
You that for speaking but one word to day,
Must loose your head at night; you that doe stand
Taking your last leaue of virginity;
You that being well begun, must not be Maide:
Winne you the Ladies, I the men will wooe,
Our selfe will leade my blushing Bride with you.

Sir Vaughan. God blesse your Maiesty, and send you to be a long King William Rufus ouer vs, when he sees his times & pleasures.

King. Wee thanke you good Sir Vaughan, wee will take your meaning not your words.

Sir quint. Lowde Musicke there.

Sr Vau. I am glad your Maiesty will take any thing at my hands; my words I trust in Sesu, are spoken betweene my soule and body together, and haue neither Felonies nor treasons about them, I hope.

Kin. Good words Sir Vaughan, I prethee giue vs leaue.

Sir Vau. Good

Vaug. Good words sir Vau han? thats by interpertation in english, you'r best giue good words sir Vaughan : god and his Ansells blesse me, what ayles his maiestye to be so tedious and difficult in his right mindes now, I holde my life that fi le rascall-rymer Horace hath puzd and puzd aboue a hundred merie tales and lyce, into his great and princely eares: by god and he vse it, his being Phœbus priest cannot saue him, if hee were his Sapline too ide prease vpon his coxcomb : good lord blesse me out of his maiesties celler : King Williams, I hope tis none offences to make a supplication to god a mightie for your long life : for by shesu I haue no meaning in't in all the world, vnles rascalls be here that wili haue your grace take shalke for shees, and vnlesse Horace has sent lyce to your maiesty.

King Horace, what's he sir Vaughan?

Vaugh; As hard-fauourd a fellow as your maiestie has seene in a sommers day : he does pen, an't please your grace, toyes that will not please your grace ; tis a Poet, we call them Bardes in our Countrie, singes ballads and rymes, and I was mightie sealous, that his Inke which is blacke and full of gall, had brought my name to your maiestie, and so lifted vp your hye and princely coller.

King I neither know that Horace, nor mine anger,
If as thou saist our highand princely choller
Be vp, wee'l tread it downe with daunces ; Ladies
Loose not your men; faire measures must be tread,
When by so faire a dauncer you are lead.

Vaugh. Mistris Miniuer :

Min Perdie sir Vaughan I cannot dance.

Vaugh. Perdie by this Miniuer cappe, and acording to his masesties leaue too, you sall be put in among theise Ladies, & daunce ere long I trest in god, the saking of the seetes.

They daunce a straine, and whilst the others keepe on, the King and Celestine stay.

King |That

Kin. That turne faire Bride ſhews you muſt turne at night,
In that ſweet daunce which ſtealeſ away delight.
Cæ. Then pleaſure is a theife, a fit, a feauer:
Kin. True, he's the thiefe, but women the receiuer.

Another change; they fall in, the reſt goe on.

Kin. This change ſweet Maide, ſaies you muſt change
As Virgins doe. (your life,
Cæl. Virgins nere change their life,
She that is wiu'd a maide, is Maide and wife.
Kin. But ſhe that dyes a Maide;——
Cæl. Thrice happy then.
Kin. Leades Apes in hell.
Cæl. Better leade Apes then men.

At this third change they end, and ſhe meetes the King.

Kin. Well met.
Cæl. Tis ouertaken.
Kin. Why faire ſweet?
Cæl. Women are ouertaken when they meete;
Kin. Your bloud ſpeakes like a coward.
Cæl. It were good,
If euery Maiden bluſh, had ſuch a bloud.
Kin. A coward bloud, why whom ſhould maidens feare?
Cæ. Men, were Maides cowards, they'd not come ſo nere,
My Lord the Meaſure's done, I pleade my duetie.
Kin. Onelie my heart takes meaſure of thy beautie.
Sir quin. Now by my hoſe I ſweare, that's no deepe oath,
This was a fine ſweet earth-quake gentlie moou'd,
By the ſoft winde of whiſpring Silkes: come Ladies,
Whoſe ioynts are made out of the dauncing Orbes,
Come, follow me, walke a colde meaſure now;

In the Brides Chamber; your hot beautie's melt,
Take euerie one her fan, giue them their places,
And waue the Northerne winde vpon your faces.

Celestine and all the Ladyes doing obeysance to the King, Who onely kisses her, Exeunt, Short-hose manning them, the Gallants stand aloofe.

Kin. Sir Walter Terrill,
Ter. My confirmed Leige
Ki. Beautie out of her bountie, thee hath lent,
More then her owne with liberall extent.
Ter. What meanes my Lord?
Kin. Thy Bride, thy choice, thy wife,
She that is now thy fadom, thy new world,
That brings thee people, and makes little subiects;
Kneele at thy feete, obay in euerie thing,
So euerie Father is a priuate King.
Ter. My Lord, her beauty is the poorest part,
Chieflie her vertues did endowe my heart.
Kin. Doe not back-bite her beauties, they all shine,
Brighter on thee, because the beames are thine,
To thee more faire, to others her two lips
Shew like a parted Moone in thine Eclipse;
That glaunce, which louers mongst themselues deuise,
Walkes as inuisible to others eies:
Giue me thine eare.
Cri. What meanes the King?
Dem. Tis a quaint straine.
Ter. My Lord.
Kin. Thou darst not Wat:
Ter. She is too course an obiect for the Court.
Kin. Thou darst not VVat: let to night be to morrow,
Ter. For shee's not yet mine owne,

King. Thou

Kin. Thou darſt not Wat?

Ter. My Lord I dare, but ——

King. But I ſee thou darſt not.

Ter. This night.

King. Yea, this night, tush thy minde repaires not,
The more thou talk'ſt of night, the more thou darſt not;
Thus farre I tend, I wod but turne this ſpheare,
Of Ladies eyes, and place it in the Court,
Where thy faire Bride ſhould for the Zodiacke ſhine,
And euery Lady elſe ſit for a ſigne.
But all thy thoughts are yellow, thy ſweet bloud
Rebels, th'art iealous Wat; thus with proude reuels
To emmulate the masking firmament,
VVhere Starres dance in the ſiluer Hall of heauen,
Thy pleaſure ſhould be ſeaſoned, and thy bed
Relish thy Bride, But, but thou darſt not VVat.

Ter. My Loord I dare.

Kin. Speake that agen.

Ter. I dare.

Kin. Agen kinde VVat, and then I know thou darſt.

Ter. I dare and will by that ioynt holy oath,
VVhich ſhe and I ſwore to the booke of heauen.
This very day when the ſurueying Sunne,
Riz like a witnes to her faith and mine,
By all the loyalty that ſubiects owe
To Maieſty, by that, by this, by both,
I ſweare to make a double guarded oath,
This night vntainted by the touch of man,
She ſhall a Virgin come.

Kin. To Court? *Ter.* To Court.
I know I tooke a woman to my wife,
And I know women to be earthly Moones,
That neuer ſhine till night, I know they change
Their Orbes (their husbands) and in ſickiſh hearts,

Steale to their sweete Endimions, to be cur'd
With better Phisicke, sweeter dyet drinkes,
Then home can minister: all this I know
Yet know not all, but giue me leaue O King,
To boast of mine, and saie that I know none;
I haue a woman but not such a one.

Kin. Why, she's confirmed in thee; I now approoue her,
If constant in thy thoughts who then can mooue her?

Enter Sir Quintilian.

Sir qui. Wilt please your Highnes take your place within,
The Ladies attend the Table.

Kin. I goe good Knight; Wat thy oath.

Ter. My Lord,
My oath's my honour, my honour is my life,
My oath is constant, so I hope my wife. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horace *in his true attyre*, Asinius *bearing his Cloake.*

Asi. If you flye out Ningle, heer's your Cloake; I thinke it raines too.

Ho. Hide my shoulders in't.

Asi. Troth so th'adst neede, for now thou art in thy Pee and Kue; thou hast such a villanous broad backe, that I warrant th'art able to beare away any mans ieflies in England.

Hor. It's well Sir, I ha strength to beare yours mee thinkes; fore God you are growne a piece of a Critist, since you fell into my hands: ah little roague, your wit has pickt vp her crums prettie and well.

Asi. Yes faith, I finde my wit a the mending hand Ningle; troth I doe not thinke but to proceede Poetaster next Commencement, if I haue my grace perfectlie: euerie one that confer with me now, stop their nose in merriment. and sweare I smell somewhat of Horace; one calles me Horaces Ape, another Horaces Beagle, and such Poeticall names it passes. I was

but

but at Barbers last day, and when he was rencing my face, did but crie out, fellow thou makst me *Commue* too long, & sayes he sayes hyee, Master *Asinius Bubo*, you haue eene Horaces wordes as right as if he had spit them into your mouth.

Hor. VVell, away deare Asinius, deliuer this letter to the young Gallant *Druso*, he that fell so strongly in loue with mee yesternight.

Asin. It's a sweete Muske-cod, a pure spic'd-gull; by this feather I pittie his *Ingenuities*; but hast writ all this since Ningle? I know thou hast a good running head and thou listest.

Hor. Foh cõme, your great belly'd wit must long for euery thing too; why you *Rooke*, I haue a set of letters readie starcht to my hands, which to any fresh suited gallant, that but newlie enters his name into my rowle, I send the next morning, ere his tena clocke dreame has rize from him, onelie with claping my hand to't, that my Nouice shall start, ho and his haire stand an end, when hee sees the sodaine flash of my writing; what you prettie Diminitiue roague, we must haue false fiers to amaze these spangle babies, these true heires of Ma. Iustice Shallow.

Asi. I wod alwaies haue thee sawce a foole thus.

Hor. Away, and, stay: heere be Epigrams vpon Tucca, divulge these among the gallants; as for Crispinus, that Crispin-asse and Fannius his Play-dresser; who (to make the Muses beleeue, their subiects eares were staru'd, and that there was a dearth of Poesie) cut an Innocent Moore i'th middle, to serue him in twice; & when he had done, made Poules-worke of it, as for these Twynnes these *Poet-apes*:

Their Mimicke trickes shall serue
With mirth to feast our Muse, whilst their owne starue.

Asin. VVell Ningle Ile trudge, but where's the Randeuow?

Hor. VVell thought off, marie at Sir Vaughans lodging the VVelsh knight, I haue compos'd a loue-letter for the gal-

lants worship, to his Rosamond: the second, Mistris Miniuer, because she does not thinke so soundly of his lame English as he could wish; I ha gull'd his Knight-ship heere to his face, yet haue giuen charge to his wincking vnderstanding not to perceiue it: nay Gods so, away deare Bubo.

Ast. I am gone. *Exit.*

Hor. The Muses birdes the Bees were hiu'd and fled,
Vs in our cradle, thereby prophecying;
That we to learned eares should sweetly sing,
But to the vulger and adulterate braine,
Should loath to prostitute our Virgin straine.
No, our sharpe pen shall keep the world in awe,
Horace thy Poesie, wormwood wreathes shall weare,
We hunt not for mens loues but for their feare. *Exit.*

Enter Sir Adam *and* Miniuer.

Min. O Sir Adam Prickshaft, you are a the bow hand wide, a long yard I assure you: and as for Suitors, truelie they all goe downe with me, they haue all one flat answere.

Sir Adam. All Widdow? not all, let Sir Adam bee your first man still.

Enter Sir Quintilian.

Sir quin. Widdow, art stolne from Table? I Sir Adam,
Are you my riuall? well, flye faire y'are best;
The King's exceeding merrie at the banquet,
He makes the Bride blush with his merrie words
That run into her eares; ah he's a wanton,
Yet I dare trust her, had he twentie tongues,
And euerie tongue a Stile of Maiestie.
Now Widdow, let me tell thee in thine eare,
I loue thee Widdow, by this ring; nay weare it.

Mincu. Ile come in no rings pardie, Ile take no golde.

Sir Adam. Harke

Sir Ada. Harke in thine eare, take me, I am no golde.

Enter Sir Vaughan *and* Peter Flash.

Sir Vau. Master Peter Flash, I will grope about Sir Quintilian, for his terminations touching and considering you.

Flash. I thanke your Worship, for I haue as good a stomacke to your Worship as a man could wish.

Sir Vau. I hope in God a mightie, I shall fill your stomack Master Peter: What two vpon one Sentlemen; Mistris Miniuer, much good doo't you Sir Adam.

Sir quin. Sir Vaughan, haue you din'd well Sir Vaughan?

Sir Vau. As good seere as would make any hungrie man (and a were in the vilest prison in the world) eate and hee had anie stomacke: One word Sir Quintilian in hugger mugger; heere is a Sentleman of yours, Master Peter Flash, is tesirous to haue his blew coate pul'd ouer his eares; and------

Flash. No Sir, my petition runs thus, that your worshippe would thrust mee out of doores, and that I may follow Sir Vaughan.

Sir Vau. I can tell you Master Flash, and you follow mee I goe verie fast, I thinke in my conscience, I am one of the lightest knights in England.

Flash. It's no matter Sir, the Flashes haue euer bin knowne to be quicke and light enough.

Sir quin. Sir Vaughan, he shal follow you, he shall dog you good Sir Vaughan.

Enter Horace *walking.*

Sir Vau. Why then Peter Flash I will set my foure markes a yeare, and a blew coate vpon you.

Fla. Godamercy to your worship; I hope you shall neuer repent for me.

Sir Vau You beare the face of an honest man, for you blush passing well Peter, I will quench the flame out of your name,

and

and you shall be christned Peter Salamander.

Peter Flash. The name's too good for me, I thanke your worship.

Sir Vau. Are you come Master Horace, you sent mee the Coppie of your letters countenance, and I did write and read it; your wittes truelie haue done verie valliantlie: tis a good inditements, you ha put in enough for her ha you not?

Hor. According to my instructions.

Sir Vau. Tis passing well, I pray Master Horace walke a little beside your selfe, I will turne vpon you incontinent.

Sir quin. VVhat Gentleman is this in the Mandilian, a soldyer?

Sir Vau. No, tho he has a very bad face for a souldier, yet he has as desperate a wit as euer any Scholler went to cuffes for; tis a Sentleman Poet, he has made rimes called Thalamimums, for M. Pridegroome, on vrd widdow.

Sir qui. Is this he? welcome Sir, your name? pray you walke not so statelie, but be acquainted with me boldlie; your name Sir?

Hor. Quintus, Horacius, Flaccus.

Sir Quint. Good Master Flappus welcome.

He walkes vp and downe.

Sir Vau. Mistris Miniuer, one vrde in your corner heere; I desire you to breake my armes heere, and read this Paper, you shall feele my mindes and affections in it, at full and at large.

Mini. Ile receiue no Loue libels perdy, but by word a mouth.

Sir Vaughan. By Sesu tis no libell, for heere is my hand to it.

Mini. Ile ha no hand in it Sir Vaughan, Ile not deale with you.

Sir Vau. Why then widdow, Ile tell you by word a mouth my deuices.

Mini. Your

Mi. Your deuices come not neere m y mouth Sir Vaughan perdy, I was vpon a time in the way to marriage, but now I am turn'd a tother side, I ha sworne to leade a single and simple life.

Sir Adam. She has answer'd you Sir Vaughan.

Sir Vau. Tis true, but at wrong weapons Sir Adam; will you be an Asse Mistris Miniuers?

Min. If I be you shall not ride me.

Sir Vaug. A simple life! by Sesu tis the life of a foole, a simple life!

Sir qui. How now Sir Vaughan?

Sir Vaugh. My braines has a little fine quawme come vnder it, and therefore Sir Adam, and Sir Quintilian, and mistris Miniuer caps God bo'y.

All. Good Sir Vaughan.

Sir Vaugh. Master Horace, your inuentions doe her no good in the Vniuersalities; yet heere is two shillings for your wittes; nay by Sesu you shall take it if't were more: yonder bald Adams, is put my nose from his ioynt; but Adam I will be euen to you: this is my cogitations, I will indite the Ladies & Miniuer caps to a dinner of Plumbes, and I shall desire you M. Horace, to speake or raile; you can raile I hope in God a mighty.

Hor. You meane to speake bitterlie:

Sir Vaughan. Right, to spitte bitterly vpon baldnes, or the chinnes of haire; you sall eate downe Plumbes to sweeten your mouth, and heere is a good Ansell to defend you: Peter Salamander follow me.

Flash. With hue and crie and you will Sir.

Sir Vau. Come M, Horace, I will goe pull out the Ladies.

Ho. And Ile set out my wits, Baldnes the Theame:
My words shall flow hye in a siluer streame. *Exeunt.*

Enter Tucca *brushing off the crumbes.*

Tuc. Wher's my most costly and sumptuous Shorthose?

Sir Quint. Is the King risen from table Captaine Tucca?

Tuc. How? risen? no my noble Quintilian, kings are greater men then we Knights and Caualliers, and therefore must eate more then lesser persons; Godamercy good Diues for these crummes: how now? has not Frier Tucke din'd yet? he falles so hard to that Oyster-pye yonder.

Sir quin Oyster-pye Captaine? ha ha, he loues her, and I loue her and feare both shall goe without her.

Tuc. Dost loue her, my finest and first part of the Mirrour of Knighthood: hange her she lookes like a bottle of ale, when the corke flyes out and the Ale fomes at mouth, shee lookes my good button-breech like the signe of Capricorne, or like Tiborne when it is couer'd with snow.

Sir quin. All's one for that, she has a vizard in a bagge, will make her looke like an Angell; I wod I had her, vpon condition, I gaue thee this chaine manlie Tucca.

Tuc. I ? saist thou so Friskin? I haue her ath hip for some causes, I can sound her, she'll come at my becke.

Sir quin. Wod I could sound her too Noble commaunder.

Tuc. Thou shalt doo't; that Lady ath Lake is thine Sir Tristram, lend mee thy chaine, doe, lend it, Ile make her take it as a token, Ile lincke her vnto thee; and thou shalt weare her gloue in thy Worshipfull hatte like to a leather brooch; Nay and thou mistrusts thy coller, be tyed in't still.

Sir quin. Mistrust Captaine? no, heere tis, giue it her if she'll take it, or weare it thy selfe, if shee'll take mee, Ile watch him well enough too.

Tuc. No more, Ile shoote away yonder Prickshaft, and then belabour her, and flye you after yonder Cucko: dost heere me my noble Gold-finch? ——

Sir qui. No more.

Tuc. How dost thou my smug Belimperia? how dost thou? hands off my little bald Detricke, hands off: harke hether Susanna,

ſanna, beware a theſe two wicked Elders, ſhall I ſpeake well or ill of thee?

Min. Nay, eene as you pleaſe Captaine, it ſhal be at your choice.

Tuc. Why well ſaid, my nimble Short-hoſe.

Sir quin. I heare her, I heare her.

Tuc. Art angry father time? art angrie becauſe I tooke mother-Winter aſide? Ile holde my life thou art ſtrucke with Cupids Birde-bolt, my little prickſhaft, art? doſt loue that mother Mumble-cruſt, doſt thou? doſt long for that whim-wham?

Sir Ada. Wod I were as ſure to lye with her, as to loue her.

Tuc. Haue I found thee my learned Dunce, haue I found thee? If I might ha my wil, thou ſhouldſt not put thy ſpoone into that bumble-broth (for indeede Ide taſte her my ſelfe) no thou ſhouldſt not; yet if her beautie blinde thee, ſhe's thine, I can doo't, thou heardſt her ſay eene now, it ſhould bee at my choice.

Sir Ada. She did ſo, worke the match and Ile beſtow----

Tuc. Not a ſilke point vpon mee, little Adam ſhee ſhall bee thy Eeue, for leſſe then an Apple; but ſend, bee wiſe, ſend her ſome token, ſhee's greedie, ſhee ſhall take it, doe, ſend, thou ſhalt ſticke in her (Prickeſhaft) but ſend.

Sir Adam. Heer's a purſe of golde, thinke you that wil be accepted?

Tuc. Goe to, it ſhall bee accepted, and twere but ſiluer, when that Flea-bitten Short-hoſe ſteppes hence: vaniſh too, and let mee alone with my Grannam in Gutter-Lane there, and this purſe of golde doe, let me alone.

Sir quint. The King, gods Lord, I doe forget the King; Widdow, thinke on my wordes, I muſt be gone
To waite his riſing, Ile returne anone.

Sir Ad. Stay Sir Quintilian, Ile be a waiter too.

Sir quinti. Widdow wee'll trust that Captaine there with you. *Exeunt.*

Tuc. Now, now, mother Bunch how dost thou? what dost frowne Queene Gwyniuer? dost wrinckle? what made these paire of Shittle-cockes heere? what doe they fumble for? Ile ha none of these Kites fluttering about thy carkas, for thou shalt bee my West Indyes, and none but trim Tucca shall discouer thee.

Min. Discouer me? discouer what thou canst of me.

Tuc. What I can? thou knowst what I can discouer, but I will not lay thee open to the world.

Min Lay me open to the world?

Tuc. No I will not my moldie decay'd Charing-crosse, I will not.

Mi. Hang thee patch-pannell, I am none a thy Charing-crosse: I scorne to be Crosse to such a scab as thou makst thy selfe.

Tuc. No, tis thou makst me so, my Long Meg a Westminster, thou breedst a scab, thou———

Min. I? dam thee filthie Captaine, dam thy selfe.

Tuc. My little deuill a Dow-gate, Ile dam thee, (thou knowst my meaning) Ile dam thee vp; my wide mouth at Bishops-gate.

Min. Wod I might once come to that damming.

Tuc. Why thou shalt, my sweet dame Annis a cleere thou shalt, for Ile drowne my selfe in thee; I, for thy loue, Ile sinke, I, for thee.

Min. So thou wilt I warrant, in thy abhominable sinnes; Lord, Lord, howe many filthy wordes hast thou to answere for.

Tuc. Name one Madge-owlet, name one, Ile answer for none; my words shall be foorth comming at all times, & shall answer for them selues; my nimble Cat-a-mountaine: they shall Siflie Bum-trincket, for Ile giue thee none but Sugercandie

candie wordes, I will not Puſſe: goody Tripe-wife, I will not.

Min. VVhy doſt call mee ſuch horrible vngodlie names then?

Tuc. Ile name thee no more Mother Red-cap vpon paine of death, if thou wilt Grimalkin, Maggot-a-pye I will not.

Min. Wod thou shouldſt wel know, I am no Maggot, but a meere Gentlewoman borne.

Tu. I know thou art a Gentle, and Ile nibble at thee, thou ſhalt be my Cap-a-maintenance, & Ile carrie my naked ſword before thee, my reuerend Ladie Lettice-cap.

Mi. Thou ſhalt carry no naked ſwords before me to fright me, thou———

Tuc Go too, let not thy tongue play ſo hard at hot-cockles; for, Gammer Gurton, I meane to bee thy needle, I loue thee, I loue thee, becauſe thy teeth ſtand like the Arches vnder London Bridge, for thou't not turne Satyre & bite thy husband; No, come my little Cub, doe not ſcorne mee becauſe I goe in Stag, in Buffe, heer's veluet too; thou ſeeſt I am worth thus much in bare veluet.

Min. I ſcorne thee not, not I.

Tuc I know thou doſt not, thou ſhat ſee that I could march with two or three hundred linkes before me, looke here, what? I could ſhew golde too, if that would tempt thee, but I will not make my ſelfe a Gold-ſmithes ſtall I; I ſcorne to goe chain'd my Ladie ath Hoſpitall, I doe; yet I will and muſt bee chain'd to thee.

e*Min.* To mee? why Maſter Captaine, you know that I haue my choiſe of three or foure payre of Knights, and therefore haue ſmall reaſon to flye out I know not how in a man of war.

Tuc. A man a warre? come thou knowſt not what a worſhipfull focation tis to be a Captaines wife: three or four payre of Knights? why doſt heare Ioane-a-bedlam, Ile enter into

 bond,

bond to be dub'd by what day thou wilt, when the next action is layde vpon me, thou shalt be Ladified.

Min. You know I am offered that by halfe a dozen.

Tuc. Thou shalt little Miniuer, thou shalt, Ile ha this frock turn'd into a foote-cloth; and thou shalt be carted, drawne I meane, Coacht, Coacht, thou shalt ryde Iigga-Iogge; a Hood shall flap vp and downe heere, and this shipskin-cap shall be put off.

Mini. Nay perdie, Ile put off my cap for no mans pleasure.

Tuc. Wut thou be proude little Lucifer? well, thou shalt goe how thou wilt Maide-marian; come, busse thy little Anthony now, now, my cleane Cleopatria; so, so, gee thy waies Alexis secrets, th'ast a breath as sweet as the Rose, that growes by the Beare-garden, as sweete as the proud'st heade a Garlicke in England: come, wut march in, to the Gentle folkes?

Mini. Nay trulie Captaine you shall be my leader.

Tuc. I say Mary Ambree, thou shalt march formost,
Because Ile marke how broad th'art in the heeles.

Mini. Perdie, I will be set ath last for this time.

Tuc. Why then come, we'll walke arme in arme,
As tho we were leading one another to Newgate.

Enter Blunt, Crispinus, *and* Demetrius, *with papers, laughing.*

Cri. Mine's of a fashion, cut out quite from yours.

Dem. Mine has the sharpest tooth, yonder he is.

Blu. Captaine Tucca. *All hold vp papers.*

Tuc. How now? I cannot stand to read supplications now

Cris. They're bitter Epigrams compos'd on you
By Horace.

Dem. And dispersst amongst the gallants
In seuerall coppies, by Asinius Bubo.

Tuc. By

Tuc, By that liue Eele? read, *Lege Leguo*, read thou lacke.

Blu. *Tucca's growne monstrous, how? rich? that I feare,*
He's to be seene for money euery where.

Tuc. Why true, shall not I get in my debts, nay and the roague write no better I care not, farewell blacke lacke farewell.

Cri. But Captaine heer's a nettle.

Tuc. Sting me, doe.

Cri. *Tucca's exceeding tall and yet not hye,*
He fights with skill, but does most vilye lye.

Tuc. Right, for heere I lye now, open, open, to make my aduersarie come on; and then Sir, heere am I in's bosome: nay and this be the worst, I shal hug the poore honest face-maker, Ile loue the little Atheist, when he writes after my commendation, another whip? come yerke me.

Dem. *Tucca will bite, how? growne Satiricall,*
No, he bites tables, for he feedes on all.

Tuc. The whoreson clouen-foote deuill in mans apparell
There stood aboue forty dishes before me to day, (lyes,
That I nere toucht, because they were empty.

Mim. I am witnes young Gentlemen to that.

Tuc. Farewell stinckers, I smel thy meaning Screech-owle, I doe, tho I stop my nose: and Sirra Poet, we'll haue thee vntrust for this; come, mother Mum-pudding, come.

Exeunt.

Trumpets sound a florish, and then a sennate: Enter King *with* Cælestine, Sir Walter Terrill, Sir Quintilian, Sir Adam, Blunt *and other Ladies and attendants: whilst the Trumpets sound the King takes his leaue of the Bride-groome, and* Sir Quintilian, *and last of the Bride.*

Kin. My song of parting, doth this burden beare;
A kisse the Ditty, and I set it heere.

Your

Your lips are well in tune, strung with delight,
By this faire Bride remember soone at night:
Sir Walter.

Ter. My Leige Lord, we all attend,
The time and place.

Kin. Till then my leaue commend.

They bring him to the doore: Enter at another doore
Sir Vaughan.

Sir Vau. Ladies, I am to put a verie easie suite vpon you all, and to desire you to fill your little pellies at a dinner of plums behinde noone; there be Suckets, and Marmilads, and Marchants, and other long white plummes that faine would kisse your delicate and sweet lippes; I indite you all together, and you especially my Ladie Pride; what doe you saie for your selles? for I indite you all.

Cæl. I thanke yon good Sir Vaughan, I will come.

Sir Vau. Say Sentlewomen will you stand to me too?

All. Wee'll sit with you sweet Sir Vaughan.

Sir Vau. God a mightie plesse your faces, and make your peauties last, when wee are all dead and rotten: —you all will come.

1 *Lady.* All will come.

Sir Vau. Pray God that Horace bee in his right wittes to raile now. *Exit.*

Cris. Come Ladie, you shall be my dauncing guest.
To treade the maze of musicke with the rest.

Dem. Ile lead you in.

Dicach. A maze is like a doubt:
Tis easie to goe in, hard to get out.

Blun. We follow close behinde.

Philoca. That measure's best.
Now none markes vs, but we marke all the rest. *Exeunt.*

Exeunt all sauing Sir Quintilian, Cælestine, *and* Sir Walter Terrill.

Ter. Father

Ter. Father, and you my Bride; that name to day,
Wife, comes not till to morrow: but omitting
This enterchanging of Languages; let vs thinke
Vpon the King and night, and call our ſpirits
To a true reckoning; firſt to Arme our wittes
With compleat ſteele of Iudgement, and our tongs,
With ſound attillery of Phraſes: then
Our Bodies muſt bee motions; moouing firſt
What we ſpeake: afterwards, our very knees
Muſt humbly ſeeme to talke, and ſute out ſpeech;
For a true furniſht Cortyer hath ſuch force,
Though his tonge faints, his very legs diſcourſe.

Sir quin. Sonne Terrill, thou haſt drawne his picture right,
For hee's noe full-made Courtier, nor well ſtrung,
That hath not euery ioynt ſtucke with a tongue.
Daughter, if Ladies ſay, that is the Bride, that's ſhe,
Gaze thou at none, for all will gaze at thee.

Cæl. Then, ô my father muſt I goe? O my husband
Shall I then goe? O my ſelfe, will I goe?

Sir quin. You muſt.

Ter. You ſhall.

Cæl. I will, but giue me leaue,
To ſay I may not, nor I ought not, ſay not
Still, I muſt goe, let me intreate I may not.

Ter. You muſt and ſhall, I made a deede of gift,
And gaue my oath vnto the King, I ſwore
By thy true conſtancy.

Cæl. Then keep that word
To ſweare by, O let me be conſtant ſtill.

Ter. What ſhall I cancell faith, and breake my oath?

Cæl. If breaking conſtancie thou breakſt them both.

Ter. Thy conſtancie no euill can purſue.

Cæl. I may be conſtant ſtill, and yet not true.

Ter. As how?

Ca. As thus, by violence detain'd,
They may be constant still, that are constrain'd.

Ter. Constrain'd? that word weighs heauy, yet my oath
Weighes downe that word, the kinge s thoughts are at oddes,
They are not euen ballanst in his brest;
The King may play the man with me; nay more,
Kings may vsurpe; my wife's a woman; yet
Tis more then I know yet, that know not her,
If she should prooue mankinde, twere rare, fye, fye,
See how I loose my selfe, amongst my thoughts,
Thinking to finde my selfe; my oath, my oath.

Sr quin. I sweare another, let me see by what,
By my long stocking, and my narrow skirtes,
Not made to sit vpon, she shall to Court.
I haue a tricke, a charme, that shall lay downe
The spirit of lust, and keep thee vndeflowred;
Thy husbands honor sau'd, and the hot King,
Shall haue enough too. Come, a tricke, a charme, *Exit.*

Ca. God keep thy honour safe, my blood from harme.

Ter. Come, my sicke-minded Pride, Ile teach thee how,
To relish health a little: Taste this thought,
That when mine eyes seru'd loues commission,
Vpon thy beauties I did seise on them,
To a Kings vse; cure all thy griefe with this,
That his great seale was grauen vpon this ring,
And that I was but Steward to a King. *Exeunt.*

A banquet set out: Enter Sir Vaughan, Horace, Afinius Bubo, *Lady* Petula, Dicache, Philocalia, *Mistris* Miniuer *and* Peter Lush.

Sir Vaugh. Ladies and Sentlemen, you are almost all welcome, to this sweet nunc ions of Plums.

Dicach. Almost all Sir Vaughan? why to which of vs are

you

you so niggardly, that you cut her out but a peice of welcome.

Sir Vaugh. My interpretations is that almost all are welcome, because I indited a brace or two more that is not come, I am sorrie my Ladie Pride is not among you.

Asi. Slid, he makes hounds of vs Ningle, a brace quoth a?

Sir Vaug. Peter Salamanders draw out the pictures of all the ioynt stooles, & Ladies sit downe vpon their wodden faces.

Fl. sh. I warrant Sir, Ile giue euerie one of them a good stoole.

Sir Vau. Master Horace, Master Horace, when I pray to God, and desire in hipocritnes that bald Sir Adams were heer, then, then then begin to make your railes at the pouertie and beggerly want of haire.

Hor. Leaue it to my iudgement.

Sir Vau. M. Bubo sit there, you and I wil thinke vpon our ends at the Tables: M. Horace, put your learned bodie into the midst of these Ladies; so, tis no matter to speake graces at nuncions, because we are all past grace since dinner.

Asini. Mas I thanke my destinie I am not past grace, for by this hand full of Carrawaies, I could neuer abide to say grace.

Dica. Mistris Miniuer, is not that innocent Gentleman a kinde of foole?

Min. Why doe you aske Madam?

Dicach. Nay for no harme, I aske because I thought you two had been of acquaintaine.

Min. I thinke he's within an Inch of a foole.

Dicach. Madam Philocalia, you sit next that spare Gentleman, wod you heard what Mistris Miniuer saies of you.

Philo. Why what saies she Madam Dicache.

Dica. Nay nothing, but wishes you were married to that small timber'd gallant.

Philo. Your wish and mine are twinnes, I wish so too for

 then

Baldnes must needes be vgly, vile and base.

Sir Vau. True M. Horace, for a bald reason, is a reason that has no haires vpon't, a scuruy scalded reason.

Mi. By my truely I neuer thought you could ha pickt such strange things out of haire before.

Asini. Nay my Ningle can tickle it, when hee comes too't.

Min. Troth I shall neuer bee enameld of a bare-headed man for this, what shift so euer I make.

Sir Vaug .Then Mistris Miniuer S. Adams Prickshaft must not hit you; Peter take vp all the cloathes at the table and the Plums.

Enter Tucca *and his boy.*

Tuc. Saue thee my little worshipfull Harper; how doe yee my little cracknels? how doe ye?

Sir Vau. Welcome M. Tucca, sit and shoote into yonr belly some Suger pellets.

Tuc No, Godamercy Cadwallader, how doe you Horace?

Ho. Thankes good Captaine.

Tu. Wher's the Sering thou carriest about thee? O haue I found thee my scowring-sticke; what's my name Bubo?

Asini. Wod I were hang'd if I can call you any names but Captaine and Tucca.

Tuc. No Fye'st; my name's Hamlet reuenge: thou hast been at Parris garden hast not?

Hor. Yes Captaine, I ha plaide Zulziman there.

Sir Vau. Then M. Horace you plaide the part of an honest (man.

Tuc. Death of Hercules, he could neuer play that part well in's life, no Fulkes you could not: thou call'st Demetrius Iorneyman Poet, but thou putst vp a Supplication to be a poore Iorneyman Player, and hadst beene still so, but that thou couldst not set a good face vpon't: thou hast forgot how thou ambleft (in leather pilch) by a play-wagon, in the high way, and took'st mad Ieronimoes part, to get seruice a-

mong the Mimickes: and when the Stagerites banisht thee into the Ile of Dogs, thou turn'dst Ban-dog (villanous Guy) & euer since biteſt therefore I aske if th'aſt been at Parris-garden, becauſe thou haſt ſuch a good mouth; thou barkſt well, read, *lege* ſaue thy ſelfe and read.

Hor. Why Captaine theſe are *Epigrams* compoſ'd on you.

Tuc. Goe not out Farding Candle, goe not out, for truſty *Damboys* now the deed is done, Ile pledge this Epigram in wine, Ile ſwallow it, I, yes.

Sir Vau. God bleſſe vs, will he be drunke with nittigrams now.

Tuc. So, now ariſe ſprite ath Buttry; no Herring-bone Ile not pull thee out, but ariſe deere Eccho riſe, riſe deuill or Ile coniure thee vp.

Min. Good Maſter Tucca lets ha no coniuring heere.

Sir Vau. Vddes bloud you ſcald gouty Captaine, why come you to ſet encombrances heere betweene the Ladies.

Tuc. Be not ſo tart my precious Metheglin, be not (my old whore a Babilon, ſit faſt.)

Min. O Ieſu if I know where abouts in London Babilon ſtands.

Tuc. Feede and be fat my faire Calipolis, ſtir not my beauteous wriggle-tailes, I'le diſeaſe none of you, Ile take none of you vp, but onely this table-man, I muſt enter him into ſome filthy ſincke point, I muſt.

Hor. Captaine, you doe me wrong thus to diſgrace me.

Tuc. Thou thinkſt thou maiſt be as ſawcy with me as my Buffe Ierkin to ſit vpon me, doſt?

Ho. Dam me, if euer I traduc'd your name,
What imputation can you charge me with?

Sir Vau. Sblud, I, what cōputations can you lay to his farge? anſwer, or by Seſu Ile canuas your coxcombe Tucky

Min. If they draw ſweet hearts, let vs ſhift for our ſelues.

Tuc. My noble ſwaggerer, I wil not fall out with thee, I can-

not my mad Cumrade, finde in my heart to shed thy bloud.

Sir Vau. Cumrade? by Sesu call me Cumrade againe, and ile Cumrade ye about the sinnes and shoulders; ownds, what come you to sinell out heere? did you not dine and feede horribly well to day at dinner, but you come to munch heere, and giue vs winter-plummes? I pray depart, goe marse, marse, marse out a doores.

Tuc. Adew Sir Eglamour, adew Lute-stringe, Curtin-rod, Goose-quill; heere, giue that full-nos'd Skinker, these rimes; & harke, Ile tagge my Codpecce point with thy legs, spout-pot Ile empty thee.

Asin. Dost threaten mee? Gods lid Ile binde thee to the good forbearing.

Sir Vau. Will you amble Hobby-horse, will you trot and amble?

Tuc. Raw Artichocke I shall sauce thee. *Exit.*

Min. I pray you Master Tucca, will you send me the fiue pound you borrowed on me; O you cannot heare now, but Ile make you heare me and feele me too in another place, to your shame I warrant you, thou shalt not conny-catch mee for fiue pounds; he tooke it vp Sir Vaughan in your name, hee swore you sent for it to Mum withall, twas fiue pound in gold, as white as my kercher.

Sir Vaughan. Ownds, fiue pound in my name to Mum about withall.

Min. I, to Mum withall, but hee playes mum-budget with me.

Sir Vau. Peter Salamander, tye vp your great and your little sword, by Sesu Ile goe sing him while tis hot, Ile beate fiue pound out of his leather pilch: Master Horace, let your wittes inhabite in your right places; if I fall sansomely vpon the Widdow, I haue some cossens Garman at Court, shall beget you the reuersion of the Master of the Kings Reuels, or else be his Lord of Mis-rule nowe at Christmas: Come Ladyes,

whoreson,

whoreſon Stragling Captaine, Ile pound him. *Exeunt.*

Manet Horace *and* Aſinius.

Hor. How now? what ail'ſt thou, that thou look'ſt ſo pale?

Aſin. Nay nothing, but I am afraide the Welſh Knight has giuen me nothing but purging Comfits: this Captaine ſtickes pockily in my ſtomack; read this ſcroule, he ſaies they 'r rimes, and bid me giue them you.

Hor. Rimes? 'tis a challenge ſent to you.

Aſin. To me?

Hor. He ſaies heere you divulg'd my Epigrams.

Aſin. And for that dares he challenge me?

Hor. You ſee he dares, but dare you anſwer him?

Aſin. I dare anſwer his challenge, by word of mouth, or by writing, but I ſcorne to meete him, I hope he and I are not Paralels.

Hor. Deere Bubo, thou ſhalt anſwere him; our credites
Lye pawn'd vpon thy reſolution,
Thy vallor muſt redeeme them; charge thy ſpirits,
To waite more cloſe, and neere thee: if he kill thee,
Ile not ſuruiue; into one Lottery
We'll caſt our fates; together liue and dye.

Aſi. Content, I owe God a death, and if he will make mee pay't againſt my will, Ile ſay tis hard dealing. *Exeunt*

Enter Sir Adam, Tucca, *with two piſtols by his ſides, his boy laden with ſwords and bucklers.*

Tuc. Did Apolloes Freeze gowne watch man (boy, doſt heare Turkie-cockes tayle, haue an eye behinde, leaſt the enemie aſſault our Rere-ward) on proceede Father Adam; did that ſame tiranicall-tongu'd rag-a-muffin Horace, turne baldpates out ſo naked?

Sir Ad. He did, and whipt them ſo with nettles, that

The Widdow swore that a bare-headed man,
Should not man her: the Ladie Petula
Was there, heard all, and tolde me this.

Tuc. Goe too.

Thy golde was accepted, it was, and she shall bring thee into her Paradice, she shall small Adam, she shall.

Sir Ada. But how? but how Capten?

Tuc. Thus, goe, couer a table with sweet meates, let all the Gentlewomen, and that same Pasquils-mad-cap (mother Bee there) nibble, bid them bite: they will come to gobble downe Plummes; then take vp that paire of Basket hiltes, with my commission, I meane Crispinus and Fannius; charge one of them to take vp the Bucklers, against that hayre-monger Horace, and haue a bout or two, in defence of balde-pates: let them cracke euerie crowne that has haire on't: goe, let them lift vp baldenes to the skie, and thou shalt see, twill turne Miniuers heart quite against the haire.

Sir Ada. Excellent, why then M. Tucca——

Tuc. Nay, whir, nymble Prickshaft; whir, away, I goe vpon life and death, away, flie Scanderbag flie. *Exeu.*

Enter Asinius Bubo, *and* Horace *aloofe.*

Boy. Arme Captaine, arme, arme, arme, the foe is come downe.

Tucca *offers to shoote.*

Asi Hold Capten Tucca holde, I am Bubo, & come to answer any thing you can lay to my charge.

Tuc. What, dost summon a parlie my little Drum-sticke? tis too late; thou seest my red flag is hung out, Ile fill thy guts with thine owne carrion carcas, and then eate them vp in steed of Sawsages.

Asin. Vse me how you will; I am resolute, for I ha made my Will.

Tuc. Wilt

Tuc. Wilt fight Turke-a-ten-pence? wilt fight then?

Asini. Thou shalt finde Ile fight in a Godly quarrell, if I be once fir'd.

Tuc. Thou shalt not want fire, Ile ha thee burnt when thou wilt, my-colde Cornelius: but come: *Respice funem*; looke, thou seest; open thy selfe my little Cutlers Shoppe. I challenge thee thou slender Gentleman, at foure sundrie weapons.

Asi. Thy challenge was but at one, and Ile answere but one.

Boy. Thou shalt answer two, for thou shalt answer me and my Capten.

Tuc. Well said Cockrell, out-crowe him: art hardy noble Huon? art Magnanimious? licke-trencher; looke, search least some lye in ambush; for this man at Armes, has paper in's belle, or some friend in a corner, or else hee durst not bee so cranke.

Boy. Capten, Capten Horace stands sneaking heere.

Tuc. I smelt the foule-fisted Morter-treader, come my most damnable fastidious rascall, I haue a suite to both of you.

Asi. O holde, most pittifull Captaine holde.

Hor. Holde Capten, tis knowne that Horace is valliant, & a man of the sword.

Tuc. A Gentleman or an honest Cittizen, shall not Sit in your pennie-bench Theaters, with his Squirrell by his side cracking nuttes; nor sneake into a Tauerne with his Mermaid; but he shall be Satyr'd, and Epigram'd vpon, and his humour must run vpo'th Stage: you'll ha *Euery Gentleman in's humour*, and *Euery Gentleman out on's humour*: wee that are heades of Legions and Bandes, and feare none but these same shoulder-clappers, shall feare you, you Serpentine rascall.

Hor. Honour'd Capten.

Tuc. Art not famous enough yet my mad *Horastratus*, for killing a Player, but thou must eate men aliue? thy friends? Sirra wilde-man, thy Patrons? thou Anthropophagite, thy Mecænasses?

Hor. Captaine, I'm sorry that you lay this wrong,
So close vnto your heart: deare Captaine thinke
I writ out of hot bloud, which (now, being colde,
I could be pleas'd (to please you) to quaffe downe,
The poyson'd Inke, in which I dipt your name.

Tuc. Saist thou so, my *Palinodicall* rimester?

Hor. Hence forth Ile rather breath out *Solœcismes*
(To doe which Ide as soone speake blasphemie)
Than with my tongue or pen to wound your worth,
Beleeue it noble Capten; it to me
Shall be a Crowne, to crowne your actes with praize,
Out of your hate, your loue Ile stronglie raize.

Tuc. I know now th'ast a number of these *Quiddits* to binde men to'th peace: tis thy fashion to flirt Inke in euerie mans face; and then to craule into his bosome, and damne thy selfe to wip't off agen: yet to giue out abroad, that hee was glad to come to composition with thee: I know *Monsieur Machiauell* tis one a thy rules; My long-heel'd *Troglodite*, I could make thine eares burne now, by dropping into them, all those hot oathes, to which, thy selfe gau'st voluntarie fire, (whē thou wast the man in the Moone) that thou wouldst neuer squib out any new Salt-peter Iestes against honest Tucca, nor those Maligo-tasters, his *Poetasters*; I could Cinocephalus, but I will not, yet thou knowst thou hast broke those oathes in print, my excellent infernall,

Ho. Capten.

Tuc. Nay I smell what breath is to come from thee, thy answer is, that there's no faith to be helde with Heritickes & Infidels, and therfore thou swear'st anie thing: but come, lend mee thy hand, thou and I hence forth will bee *Alexander* and

Lodwicke,

Lodwicke, the Gemini: sworne brothers, thou shalt be *Perithous* and Tucca *Theseus*; but Ile leaue thee i'th lurch, when thou mak'st thy voiage into hell; till then, *Thine, assuredly.*

Hor. With all my soule deare Capten.

Tuc. Thou'lt shoote thy quilles at mee, when my terrible backe's turn'd for all this, wilt not Porcupine? and bring me & my Heliconistes into thy Dialogues, to make vs talke madlie, wut not Lucian?

Hor. Capten, if I doe ——

Tuc. Nay and thou dost, hornes of Lucifer, the *Parcell-Poet* shall Sue thy wrangling Muse, in the Court of Pernassus, and neuer leaue hunting her, till she pleade in *Forma Pauperis*: but I hope th'ast more grace: come: friendes, clap handes tis a bargaine; amiable Bubo, thy fist must walke too: so, I loue thee, now I see th'art a little Hercules. and wilt fight; Ile Sticke thee now in my companie like a sprig of Rosemary.

Enter Sir Rees ap Vaughan *and* Peter Flash.

Fla. Draw Sir Rees he's yonder, shall I vpon him?

Sir Vau. Vpon him? goe too, goe too Peter Salamander; holde, in Gods name holde; I will kill him to his face, because I meane he shall answer for it; being an eye-witnes; one vrde Capten Tucky.

Tuc. Ile giue thee ten thousand words and thou wilt, my little Thomas Thomasius.

Sir Vau By Sesu, tis best you giue good vrdes too, least I beate out your tongue, and make your vrde nere to bee taken more; doe you heare, fiue pounds, fiue pounds Tucky.

Tuc. Thou shalt ha fiue, and fiue, and fiue, and thou wantst money my Iob.

Sir Vau. Leaue your fetches and your fegaries, you tough leather-Ierkins; leaue your quandaries, and trickes, and draw vpon me y'are best: you conny-catch Widdow *Miniuer-caps*

for fiue pounds, and say tis for me to cry Mum, and make mee run vp and downe in dishonors, and discredites; is't not true, you winke-a-pipes rascall? is not true?

Tuc. Right, true, guilty, I remember't now; for when I spake a good word to the Widdow for thee my young Sampson ———

Sir Vau. For fiue pounds you cheating scab, for 5. pounds, not for me.

Tuc. For thee ô Cæsar, for thee I tooke vp fiue pounds in golde, that lay in her lap, & said Ide giue it thee as a token from her: I did it but to smell out how she stood affected to thee, to feele her; I, and I know what she said, I know how I carried away the golde.

Sir Vau. By Sesu, I ha not the mercy to fall vpon him now: M. Tucky, did widdow Miniuers part quietly from her golde, because you lyed, and said it was for me?

Tuc. Quietly, in peace, without grumbling; made no noise, I know how I tempted her in thy behalfe; my little Trangdo.

Sir Vau. Capten Tucky, I will pay back her 5. P. (vnles you be damn'd in lyes) & hold you, I pray you pocket vp this; by the crosse a this sword & dagger, Capten you shall take it.

Tuc. Dost sweare by daggers? nay then Ile put vp more at thy hands then this.

Flash. Is the fray done sir?

Sir Vau. Done Peter, put vp your smeeter.

Tuc. Come hether, my soure-fac'd Poet; fling away that beard-brush Bubo, casheere him and harke: Knight attend: So, that raw-head and bloudy-bones Sir Adam, has fee'd another brat (of those nine common wenches) to defend baldnes and to raile against haire: he'll haue a fling at thee, my noble Cock-Sparrow.

Sir Vau. At mee? will hee fling the cudgels of his witte at mee?

Tuc. And at thy button-cap too; but come, Ile be your leader,

der you shall stand, heare all, & not be seene; cast off that blew coate, away with that flawne, and follow, come: *Exit.*

Hor. Bubo, we follow Captaine.

Sir Va Peter, leaue comming behinde me, I pray any longer, for you and I must part Peter.

Flash. Sounds Sir, I hope you will not serue me so, to turne me away in this case.

Sir Vau. Turne you into a fooles coate; I meane I will go *solus*, or in solitaries alone; ounds y-are best giue better words, or Ile turne you away indeed; where is Capten Tucky? come Horace; get you home Peter.

Flash. Ile home to your cost, and I can get into the, Wine-Seller. *Exit.*

Hor. Remember where to meete mee.

Asin. Yes Ile meete; Tucca should ha found I dare meete. *Exit.*

Ho. Dare defend baldnes, which our conquering Muse
Has beaten downe so flat? Well, we will goe,
And see what weapons theyr weake wittes doe bring;
If sharpe, we'll spred a large and nobler wing;
Tucca, heere lyes thy Peace: warre roares agen;
My Swoord shall neuer cutte thee, but my pen. *Exit.*

Enter Sir Adam, Crispinus, Fannius, Blunt, Miniuer, Petula, Philocalia *and* Dicace.

Ladies, Thankes good Sir Adam.

Sir Ada. Welcome red-cheekt Ladies,
And welcome comely Widdow; Gentlemen,
Now that our sorry banquet is put by,
From stealing more sweet kisses from your lips
Walke in my garden: Ladyes let your eyes
Shed life into these flowers by their bright beames,
Sit Sit, heere's a large bower, heere all may heare,
Now good Crispinus let y our praize begin.

There

There, where it left off Baldnes.

Cris. I shall winne.

No praise, by praising that, which to depraue,
All tongues are readie, and which none would haue.

Bin. To prooue that best, by strong and armed reason,
Whose part reason feares to take, cannot but prooue,
Your wit's fine temper, and from these win loue.

Min I promise you has almost conuerted me, I pray bring forward your bald reasons M. Poet.

Cri. Mistris you giue my Reasons proper names,
For Arguments (like Children) should be like,
The subiect that begets them; I must striue
To crowne *Bald heades*, therefore must baldlie thriue;
But be it as it can: To what before,
Went arm'd at table this force bring I more,
If a *Bare head* (being like a dead-mans scull)
Should beare vp no praise els but this, it sets
Our end before our eyes; should I dispaire,
From giuing *Baldnes* higher place then haire?

Mini. Nay perdie, haire has the higher place.

Cri. The goodliest & most glorious strange-built wonder,
Which that great Architect hath made, is heauen;
For there he keepes his Court, It is his Kingdome,
That's his best Master-piece; yet tis the roofe,
And Seeling of the world: that may be cal'd
The head or crowne of Earth, and yet that's balde,
All creatures in it balde; the louely *Sunne*,
Has a face sleeke as golde; the full-cheekt *Moone*,
As bright and smooth as siluer: nothing there
Weares dangling lockes, but sometime blazing Starres,
Whose flaming curles, set realmes on fire with warres.
Descend more low; looke through mans fiue-folde sence,
Of all, the *Eye*, beares greatest eminence;
And yet that's balde, the haires that like a lace,

Are

Are ſlicht vnto the liddes, borrow thoſe formes,
Like Pent-houſes to ſaue the eyes from ſtormes.

Sir Adam. Right, well ſaid.

Criſ. A head and face ore-growne with Shaggie droſſe,
O, tis an Orient pearle hid all in Moſſe,
But when the head's all naked and vncrown'd,
It is the worlds *Globe*, euen, ſmooth and round;
Baldnes is natures *But*, at which our life,
Shootes her laſt Arrow: what man euer lead
His age out with a ſtaffe, but had a head
Bare and vncouer'd? hee whoſe yeares doe riſe,
To their full height, yet not balde, is not wiſe.
The *Head* is Wiſedomes houſe, *Haire* but the thatch,
Haire? It's the baſeſt ſtubble; in ſcorne of it,
This Prouerbe ſprung, *he has more haire then wit:*
Marke you not in deriſion how we call,
A head growne thicke with haire, *Buſh-naturall?*

Min. By your leaue (Maſter Poet) but that Buſh-naturall, is one a the trimmeſt, and moſt intanglingſt beautie in a woman.

Criſ. Right, but beleeue this (*pardon me moſt faire*)
You would haue much more wit, had you leſſe haire:
I could more wearie you to tell the proofes,
(As they paſſe by) which fight on *Baldnes* ſide,
Then were you taskt to number on a head,
The haires: I know not how your thought are lead,
On this ſtrong Tower ſhall my opinion reſt,
Heads thicke of haire are good, but balde the beſt,

Whilſt this Paradox is in ſpeaking, Tucca *Enters with* Sir Vaughan *at one doore, and ſecretly placeth him: then Exit and brings in* Horace *muffled, placing him:* Tucca *ſits among them.*

Tuc. Th'art within a haire of it, my ſweet *Wit whether wilt*

 thou

thou: my delicate Poeticall Furie th'ast hit it to a haire.

Sir Vaughan *steps out*.

Sir Vau. By your fauour Master Tucky, his balde reasons are wide aboue two hayres, I beseeches you pardon mee Ladies, that I thrust in so malepartly among you, for I did but mych heere, and see how this cruell Poet did handle bald heades.

Sir Ad. He gaue them but their due Sir Vaughan; Widdow did he not?

Mini. By my faith he made more of a balde head, than euer I shall be able: he gaue them their due truely.

Sir Vaugh. Nay vds bloud, their due is to bee a the right haire as I am, and that was not in his fingers to giue, but in God a Mighties: Well, I will hyre that humorous and fantasticall Poet Master Horace, to breake your balde pate Sir Adam.

Sir Ada. Breake my balde pate?

Tuc. Dost heare my worshipfull block-head?

Sir Vaug. Patience Captaine Tucky, let me absolue him; I meane he shal pricke, pricke your head or sconce a little with his goose-quils, for he shal make another Thalimum, or crosse-stickes, or some Polinoddyes, with a fewe Nappy-grams in them, that shall lift vp haire, and set it an end, with his learned and harty commendations.

Hor. This is excellent, all will come out now.

Dica. That same Horace methinkes has the most vngodly face, by my Fan; it lookes for all the world, like a rotten russet Apple, when tis bruiz'd: Its better then a spoonefull of Sinamon water next my heart, for me to heare him speake; hee soundes it so i'th nose, and talkes and randes for all the world, like the poore fellow vnder Ludgate: oh fye vpon him.

Min By my troth sweet Ladies, it's Cake and pudding to me, to see his face make faces, when hee reades his Songs

and

and Sonnets.

Hor. Ile face ſome of you for this, when you ſhall not budge.

Tuc. Its the ſtinckingſt dung-farmer ----- foh vpon him.

Sir Vau. Foh? oundes you make him vrſe than olde herring: foh? by Seſu I thinke he's as tidy, and as tall a Poet as euer drew out a long verſe.

Tuc. The beſt verſe that euer I knew him hacke out, was his white necke-verſe: noble Ap Rees thou wouldſt ſcorne to laye thy lippes to his commendations, and thou ſmeldſt him out as I doe, hee calles thee the burning Knight of the Salamander.

Sir Vaugh. Right, Peter is my Salamander; what of him? but Peter is neuer burnt: howe now? ſo, goe too now.

Tucca. And ſayes becauſe thou Clipſt the Kinges Engliſh.

Sir Vaughan. Oundes mee? that's treaſon: clip? horrible treaſons, Seſu holde my handes; clip? he baites mouſe-trappes for my life.

Tucca. Right little *Twinckler*, right: hee ſayes becauſe thou ſpeak'ſt no better, thou canſt not keepe a good tongue in thy head.

Sir Vaug. By God tis the beſt tongue, I can buy for loue or money.

Tuc. He ſhootes at thee too Adam Bell, and his arrowes ſtickes heere; he calles thee bald-pate.

Sir Vaugh. Oundes make him prooue theſe intollerabilities.

Tuc. And askes who ſhall carry the vineger-bottle? & then he rimes too't, and ſayes Prickſhaft: nay Miniuer hee cromples thy Cap too; and ———

Cri. Come Tucca, come, no more; the man's wel knowne, thou needſt not paint him, whom does he not wrong?

Tuc. Mary himselfe, the vglie Pope Boniface, pardons himselfe, and therefore my indgement is, that presently he bee had from hence, to his place of execution, and there bee Stab'd, Stab'd, Stab'd.

Hor. Oh gentlemen, I am slaine, oh slaue art hyr'd to murder me, to murder me, to murder me?

Ladies. Oh God!

Sir Vaugh. Ounds Capten, you haue put all Poetrie to the dint of sword, blow winde about him: Ladies for our Lordes sake, you that haue smocks, teare off peeces, to shoote through his oundes: Is he dead and buried? is he? pull his nose, pinch, rub, rub, rub, rub.

Tu. If he be not dead, looke heere; I ha the Stab and pippin for him: if I had kil'd him, I could ha pleas'd the great foole with an Apple.

Cris. How now? be well good Horace, heer's no wound;
Y'are slaine by your owne feares; how dost thou man?
Come, put thy heart into his place againe;
Thy out-side's neither peir'st, nor In-side slaine.

Sir Vau. I am glad M. Horace, to see you walking.

Ho. Gentlemen, I am blacke and blewe the breadth of a groate.

Tuc. Breadth of a groate? there's a teston, hide thy infirmities, my scuruy Lazarus; doe, hide it, least it prooue a scab in time: hang thee desperation, hang thee, thou knowst I cannot be sharpe set against thee: looke, feele my light-vptailes all, feele my weapon.

Mi. O most pittifull as blunt as my great thumbe.

Sir Vau. By Sesu, as blunt as a Welsh bag-pudding.

Tuc. As blunt as the top of Poules; tis not like thy Aloe, Cicatrine tongue, bitter: no, tis no stabber, but like thy goodly and glorious nose, blunt, blunt, blunt: dost roare bulchin? dost roare? th'ast a good rounciuall voice to cry Lanthorne & Candle-light.

Sir Vau. Two

Sir Va. Two vrds Horace about your eares: how chance it passes, that you bid God boygh to an honest trade of building Symneys, and laying downe Brickes, for a worse handicraftnes, to make nothing but railes; your Muse leanes vpon nothing but filthy rotten railes, such as stand on Poules head, how chance?

Hor. Sir Vaughan.

Sir Va. You lye sir varlet sir villaine, I am sir Salamanders, ounds, is my man Matter Peter Salamanders face as vrse as mine? Sentlemen, all and Ladies, and you say once or twice Amen, I will lap this little Silde, this Booby in his blankets agen.

Omnes. Agree'd, agree'd.

Tuc. A blanket, these crackt Venice glasses shall fill him out, they shall tosse him, holde fast wag-tailes: so, come, in, take this bandy with the racket of patience, why when? dost stampe mad Tamberlaine, dost stampe? thou thinkst th'ast Morter vnder thy feete, dost?

Ladies. Come, a bandy ho.

Hor. O holde most sacred beauties.

Sir Vau. Hold, silence, the puppet-teacher speakes.

Ho. Sir Vaughan, noble Capten, Gentlemen,
Crispinns, deare Demetrius ô redeeme me,
Out of this infamous——by God, by Iesu ——

Cri. Nay, sweare not so good Horace, now these Ladies,
Are made your executioners: prepare,
To suffer like a gallant, not a coward;
Ile trie t'vnloose, their hands, impossible.
Nay, womens vengeance are implacable.

Hor. Why, would you make me thus the ball of scorne?

Tuc. Ile tell thee why, because th'ast entred Actions of assault and battery, against a companie of honourable and worshipfull Fathers of the law: you wrangling rascall, law is one of the pillers ath land, and if thou beest bound too't (as I hope

thou shalt bee) thou't proque a skip-lacke, thou't be whipt. Ile tell thee why, because thy sputtering chappes yelpe, that Arrogance, and Impudence, and Ignoraunce, are the essentiall parts of a Courtier.

Sir Vau. You remember Horace, they will puncke, and pincke, and pumpe you, and they catch you by the coxcombe: on I pray, one lash, a little more.

Tuc. Ile tell thee why, because thou cryest ptrooh at worshipfull Cittizens, and cal'st them Flat-caps, Cuckolds, and banckrupts, and modest and vertuous wiues punckes & cockatrices. Ile tell thee why, because th'ast arraigned two Poets against all lawe and conscience; and not content with that, hast turn'd them amongst a company of horrible blacke Fryers.

Sir Vau. The same hand still, it is your owne another day, M. Horace, admonitions is good meate.

Tuc. Thou art the true arraign'd Poet, and shouldst haue been hang'd, but for one of these part-takers, these charitable Copper-lac'd Christians, that fetcht thee out of Purgatory, (Players I meane) Theatcrans pouch-mouth, Stage-walkers; for this Poet, for this, thou must lye with these foure wenches, in that blancket, for this ———

Hor. What could I doe, out of a iust reuenge,
But bring them to the Stage? they enuy me
because I holde more worthy company.

Deme. Good Horace, no; my cheekes doe blush for thine,
As often as thou speakst so, where one true
And nobly-vertuous spirit, for thy best part
Loues thee, I wish one ten, euen from my heart.
I make account I put vp as deepe share,
In any good mans loue, which thy worth earnes,
As thou thy selfe; we enuy not to see,
Thy friends with Bayes to crowne thy Poesie.

No,

No, heere the gall lyes; we that know what ſtuffe
Thy verie heart is made of; know the ſtalke
On which thy learning growes, and can giue life
To thy (once dying) baſenes; yet muſt we
Dance Antickes on your Paper.

Hor. Fannius.

Cri. This makes vs angry, but not enuious,
No, were thy warpt ſoule, put in a new molde,
Ide weare thee as a Iewell ſet in golde.

Sir Vau. And Iewels Maſter Horace, muſt be hang'd you know.

Tuc. Good Pagans, well ſaid, they haue ſowed vp that broken ſeame-rent lye of thine; that Demetrius is out at Elbowes, and Criſpinus is falne out with Sattin heere, they haue; but bloate-herring doſt heare?

Hor. Yes honour'd Captaine I haue eares at will.

Tuc. Iſt not better be out at Elbowes, then to bee a bond-ſlaue, and to goe all in Parchment as thou doſt?

Horace. Parchment Captaine? tis Perpetuana I aſſure you.

Tuc. My Perpetuall pantaloone true, but tis waxt ouer; th'art made out of Wax; thou muſt anſwere for this one day; thy Muſe is a hagler, and weares cloathes vpon beſt-be-truſt: th'art great in ſome bodies books for this, thou knowſt where; thou wouldſt bee out at Elbowes, and out at heeles too, but that thou layeſt about thee with a Bill for this, a Bill ——

Ho. I confeſſe Capten, I followed this ſuite hard.

Tuc. I know thou didſt, and therefore whilſt we haue Hiren heere, ſpeake my little diſh-waſhers, a verdit Piſſe-kitchins.

Omnes. Blancket.

Sir Vau. Holde I pray, holde, by Seſu I haue put vpon my heade, a fine deuice, to make you laugh, tis not

your

your fooles Cap Master Horace, which you couer'd your Poetasters in, but a fine tricke, ha, ha, is iumbling in my braine.

Tuc. Ile beate out thy braines, my whorson hansome dwarfe, but ile haue it out of thee.

Omnes. What is it good Sir Vaughan?

Sir Vau. To conclude, tis after this manners, because Ma. Horace is ambition, and does conspire to bee more hye and tall, as God a mightie made him, wee'll carry his terrible, person to Court, and there before his Maiestie Dub, or what you call it, dip his Muse in some licour, and christen him, or dye him, into collours of a Poet.

Omnes. Excellent.

Tuc. Super Super-excellent, Reuelers goe, proceede you Masters of Arte in kissing these wenches, and in daunces, bring you the quiuering Bride to Court, in a Maske, come Grumboll, thou shalt Mum with vs; come, dogge mee skneakesbill.

Hor. O thou my Muse!

Sir Vau. Call vpon God a mighty, and no Muses, your Muse I warrant is otherwise occupied, there is no dealing with your Muse now, therefore I pray marse, marse, marse, oundes your Moose. *Exeunt.*

Cri We shal haue sport to see them, come bright beauties,
The Sunne stoops low, and whispers in our eares,
To hasten on our Maske, let's crowne this night,
With choise composed wreathes of sweet delight. *Exeunt.*

Enter Terrill *and* Cælestine *sadly*, Sir Quintilian *stirring and migling a cup of wine.*

Ter. O Night, that Dyes the Firmament in blacke,
And like a cloth of cloudes dost stretch thy limbes;
Vpon the windy Tenters of the Ayre:
O thou that hang'st vpon the backe of Day,

Like

Like a long mourning gowne: thou that art made
Without an eye, becauſe thou ſhouldſt not ſee
A Louers Reuels: nor participate
The Bride-groomes heauen; ô heauen, to me a hell:
I haue a hell in heauen, a bleſſed curſſe;
All other Bride-groomes long for Night, and taxe
The Day of lazie ſlouth; call Time a Cripple,
And ſay the houres limpe after him: but I
Wiſh Night for euer baniſht from the skie,
Or that the Day would neuer ſleepe: or Time,
Were in a ſwound; and all his little Houres,
Could neuer lift him vp with their poore powers.

Enter Cæleſtine.

But backward runnes the courſe of my delight;
The day hath turn'd his backe, and it is night:
This night will make vs odde; day made vs eeuen,
All elſe are damb'd in hel, but I in heauen.

Cæ. Let looſe thy oath, ſo ſhall we ſtill be eeuen.

Ter. Then am I damb'd in hell, and not in heauen.

Cæl. Muſt I then goe? tis eaſie to ſay no,
Muſt is the King himſelfe, and I muſt goe;
Shall I then goe? that word is thine; I ſhall,
Is thy commaund: I goe becauſe I ſhall;
Will I then goe? I aske my ſelfe; ô ill,
King, ſaies I muſt; you, I ſhall; I, I will.

Ter. Had I not ſworne. *Cæl.* Why didſt thou ſweare?

Ter. The King
Sat heauy on my reſoluion,
Till (out of breath) it panted out an oath.

Cæl. An oath? why, what's an oath? tis but the ſmoake,
Of flame & bloud; the bliſter of the ſpirit,
Which rizeth from the Steame of rage, the bubble
That ſhootes vp to the tongue, and ſcaldes the voice,
(For oathes are burning words) thou ſwor'ſt but one,

Tis frozen long agoe: if one be numbred,
VVhat Countrymen are they? where doe they dwell,
That speake naught else but oathes?

Tor. They're men of hell.
An oath? why tis the trafficke of the soule,
Tis law within a man; the seale of faith,
The bond of every conscience; vnto whom,
VVe set our thoughts like hands: yea, such a one
I swore, and to the King: A King containes
A thousand thousand; when I swore to him,
I swore to them; the very haires that guard
His head, will rise vp like sharpe witnesses
Against my faith and loyalty: his eye
VVould straight condemne me: argue oathes no more,
My oath is high, for to the King I swore.

Enter Sir Quintilian *with the cup.*

Ca. Must I betray my Chastity? So long
Cleane from the treason of rebelling lust;
O husband! O my Father! if poore I,
Must not liue chast, then let me chastly dye.

Sq. I, heer's a charme shall keep thee chaste, come, come,
Olde Time hath left vs but an houre to play
Our parts; begin the Sceane, who shall speake first?
Oh, I, I play the King, and Kings speake first;
Daughter stand thou heere, thou Sonne Terrill there,
O thou standst well, thou lean'st against a post,
(For thou't be posted off I warrant thee:)
The King will hang a horne about thy necke,
And make a post of thee; you stand well both,
VVe neede no Prologue, the King entring first,
He's a most gracious Prologue: mary then
For the Catastrophe, or Epilogue,

Ther's

Ther's one in cloth of Siluer, which no doubt,
VVill please the hearers well when he steps out;
His mouth is fil'd with words: see where he stands;
He'il make them clap their eyes besides their hands.
But to my part; suppose who enters now,
A King, whose eyes are set in Siluer; one
That blusheth golde, speakes Musicke, dancing walkes,
Now gathers neerer, takes thee by the hand,
When straight thou thinkst, the very Orbe of heauen,
Mooues round about thy finger, then he speakes,
Thus ——— thus ——— I know not how.

Cæl. Nor I to answer him.

Sir Quint. No girle: knowst thou not how to answer him?
VVhy then the field is lost, and he rides home,
Like a great conquerour; not answer him?
Out of thy part alread? y foylde the Sceane?
Disranckt the lynes? disarm'd the action?

Ter. Yes yes, true chastity is tongu'd so weake,
Tis ouer-come ere it know how to speake.

Sir qui. Come, come, thou happy close of euery wrong,
Tis thou that canst dissolue the hardest doubt;
Tis time for thee to speake, we are all out.
Daughter, and you the man whom I call Sonne,
I must confesse I made a deede of gift;
To heauen and you and gaue my childe to both:
VVhen on my blessing I did charme her soule,
In the white circle of true Chastity,
Still to run true, till death: now Sir if not,
She forfeyts my rich blessing, and is Fin'd
VVith an eternall curse; then I tell you,
She shall dye now, now whilst her soule is true.

Ter. Dye?

Cæl. I, I am deaths eecho.

Sir quin. O my Sonne,

I am her Father; euery teare I shed,
Is threescore ten yeere olde; I weepe and smile
Two kinde of teares: I weepe that she must dye,
I smile that she must dye a Virgin: thus
We ioyfull men mocke teares, and teares mocke vs.

Ter. What speakes that cup?

Sir quin. White wiue and poison.

Ter. Oh:
That very name of poison, poisons me;
Thou Winter of a man, thou walking graue,
Whose life is like a dying Taper: how
Canst thou define a Louers labouring thoughts?
What Sent hast thou but death? what taste but earth?
The breath that purles from thee, is like the Steame
Of a new-open'd vault: I know thy drift,
Because thou art trauelling to the land of Graues,
Thou couetst company, and hether bringst,
A health of poison to pledge death: a poison
For this sweete spring; this Element is mine,
This is the Ayre I breath; corrupt it not;
This heauen is mine, I bought it with my soule,
Of him that selles a heauen, to buy a soule.

Sir quin. Well, let her goe; she's thine thou cal'st her thine,
Thy Element, the Ayre thou breath'st; thou know'st
The Ayre thou breath'st is common, make her so:
Perhaps thou't say; none but the King shall weare
Thy night-gowne, she that laps thee warme with loue;
And that Kings are not common: Then to shew,
By consequence he cannot make her so,
Indeede she may promoote her shame and thine,
And with your shames, speake a good word for mine:
The King shining so cleare, and we so dim,
Our darke disgraces will be seene through him.
Immagine her the cup of thy moist life,

What

What man would pledge a King in his owne wife?

Ter. She dyes: that ſentence poiſons her; O life!
What ſlaue would pledge a King in his owne wife?

Cæl. Welcome, ô poyſon phiſicke againſt luſt,
Thou holeſome medicine to a conſtant bloud;
Thou rare Apothecary that canſt keepe,
My chaſtity preſeru'd, within this boxe;
Of tempting duſt, this painted earthen pot,
That ſtands vpon the ſtall of the white ſoule,
To ſet the ſhop out like a flatterer,
To draw the cuſtomers of Sinne: come, come,
Thou art no poiſon, but a dyet-drinke,
To moderate my bloud: White-innocent Wine,
Art thou made guilty of my death? oh no,
For thou thy ſelfe art poiſon'd, take me hence,
For Innocence, ſhall murder Innocence. *Drinkes*

Ter. Holde, holde, thou ſhalt not dye, my Bride, my wife,
O ſtop that ſpeedy meſſenger of death;
O let him not run downe that narrow path,
Which leades vnto thy heart; nor carry newes
To thy remoouing ſoule, that thou muſt dye.

Cæl. Tis done already, the Spirituall Court,
Is breaking vp; all Offices diſcharg'd,
My ſoule remooues from this weake ſtanding houſe,
Of fraile mortallity: Deare Father, bleſſe
Me now and euer: Dearer Man, farewell,
I ioyntly take my leaue of thee and life,
Goe, tell the King thou haſt a conſtant wife.

Ter. I had a conſtant wife, I'le tell the King;
Vntill the King —— what doſt thou ſmile? art thou
A Father?

Sir quin. Yea, ſmiles on my cheekes ariſe,
To ſee how ſweetly a true virgin dyes.

Enter Blunt, Crispinus, Fannius, Philocalia, Dicache, Petula, *lights before them.*

Cris. Sir Walter Terrill, gallants are all ready,
Ter. All ready.
Dem. Well said, come, come, wher's the Bride?
Ter. She's going to forbid the Banes agen.
She'll dye a maide: and see she keeps her oath.
All the men. Faire Cælestine!
Ladies. The Bride!
Ter. She that was faire,
Whom I cal'd faire and Cælestine.
Omnes. Dead!
Sir quin. Dead, sh's deathes Bride, he hath her maidenhead.
Cri. Sir Walter Terrill.
Omnes. Tell vs how.
Ter. All cease,
The subiect that we treate of now is *Peace*,
If you demaund how: I can tell: if why,
Aske the King that; he was the cause, not I.
Let it suffice, she's dead, she kept her vow,
Aske the King why, and then I le tell you how:
Nay giue your Reuels life, tho she be gone,
To Court with all your preparation;
Leade on, and leade her on; if any aske
The mistery, say death presents a maske,
Ring peales of Musicke, you are Louers belles,
The losse of one heauen, brings a thousand hels. *Exeunt.*

Enter an arm'd Sewer, after him the seruice of a Banquet: the King at another doore meetes them, hey Exeunt.

Kin. Why so, euen thus the Mercury of Heauen,

Vshers

Vshers th'ambrosiate banquet of the Gods,
When a long traine of Angels in a ranke,
Serue the first course, and bow their Christall knees,
Before the Siluer table; where Ioues page
Sweet Ganimed filles Nectar: when the Gods.
Drinke healthes to Kings, they pledge them; none but Kings
Dare pledge the Gods; none but Gods drinke to Kings,
Men of our house are we prepar'd:

Enter Seruants.

Ser. My Leige,
All waite the presence of the Bride.
Kin. The Bride?
Yea, euer sencles thing, which she beholdes,
Will looke on her agen her eyes reflection,
Will make the walles all eyes, with her perfection:
Obserue me now, because of Maskes and Reuels,
And many nuptiall ceremonies: Marke,
This I create the Presence heere the State,
Our Kingdomes seate, shall sit in honours Pride,
Like pleasures Queene, there will I place the Bride:
Be gone, be speedy, let me see it done. *Exeunt.*
A King in Loue, is Steward to himselfe,
And neuer scornes the office, my selfe buy,
All glances from the Market of her eye.

Soft Musicke, chaire it set vnder a Canopie.

Kin. Sound Musicke, thou sweet suiter to the ayre,
Now wooe the ayre agen this is the houre,
Writ in the Calender of time, this houre,
Musicke shall spend, the next and next the Bride;
Her tongue will read the Musicke-Lecture: Wat
I loue thee Wat, because thou art not wise;

Not

Not deep-read in the volume of a man,
Thou neuer sawst a thought, poore soule thou thinkst,
The heart and tongue is cut out of one peece,
But th'art deceau'd, the world hath a false light,
Fooles thinke tis day, when wise men know tis night.

Enter Sir Quintilian.

Sir quint. My Leige, they're come, a maske of gallants,
Kin. Now ----the spirit of Loue vshers my bloud.
Sir quin. They come.
The Watch-word in a Maske is the bolde Drum.

Enter Blunt, Crispinus, Demetrius, Philocalia, Petula, Dicache, *all maskt, two and two with lights like maskers:* Cælestine *in a chaire.*

Ter. All pleasures guard my King, I heere present,
My oath vpon the knee of duety: knees
Are made for Kings, they are the subiects Fees.
King. Wat Terrill, th'art ill suited, ill made vp,
In Sable collours, like a night peece dyed,
Com'st thou the Prologue of a Maske in blacke;
Thy body is ill shapt; a Bride-groome too?
Looke how the day is dreft in Siluer cloth,
Laide round about with golden Sunne-beames: so
(As white as heauen) should a fresh Bride-groome goe.
What? Cælestine the Bride, in the same taske?
Nay then I see ther's mistery in this maske,
Prethee resolue me Wat?
Ter. My gracious Lord,
That part is hers, she actes it; onely I
Present the Prologue, she the misterie,

King. Come

Kin. Come Bride, the Sceane of blushing entred first,
Your cheekes are setled now, and past the worst; *Vnmasks her*
A mistery? oh none plaies heere but death,
This is deaths motion, motionles; speake you,
Flatter no longer; thou her Bride-groome; thou
Her Father speake.

Sir quint. Dead.

Ter. Dead.

Kin. How?

Sir quin. Poyson'd.

King. And poyson'd?
What villaine durst blaspheme her beauties, or
Prophane the cleare religion of her eyes.

Ter. Now King I enter, now the Sceane is mine,
My tongue is tipt with poison; know who speakes,
And looke into my thoughts; I blush not King,
To call thee Tyrant: death hath set my face,
And made my bloud bolde; heare me spirits of men,
And place your eares vpon your hearts; the day
(The fellow to this night) saw her and me,
Shake hands together: for the booke of heauen,
Made vs eternall friends: thus, *Man and Wife,*
This man of men (the King) what are not kings?
Was my chiefe guest, my royall guest, his Grace
Grac'd all the Table, and did well become
The vpper end, where sate my Bride: in briefe,
He tainted her chaste eares; she yet vnknowne,
His breath was treason, tho his words were none.
Treason to her and me, he dar'd me then,
(Vnder the couert of a flattering smile,)
To bring her where she is, not as she is,
Aliue for lust, not dead for (Chastity:
The resolution of my soule, out-dar'd,)
I swore and taxt my faith with a sad oath;

Which I maintaine; heere take her, ſhe was mine,
When ſhe was liuing, but now dead, ſhe's thine.

Kin. Doe not confound me quite; for mine owne guilt,
Speakes more within me then thy tongue containes;
Thy ſorrow is my ſhame: yet heerein ſprings,
Ioy out of ſorrow, boldnes out of ſhame;
For I by this haue found, once in my life,
A faithfull ſubiect, thou a conſtant wife.

Cæl. A conſtant wife.

Kin. Am I confounded twice?
Blaſted with wonder.

Ter. O delude we not,
Thou art too true to liue agen, too faire
To be my Cæleſtine, too conſtant farre
To be a woman.

Cæl. Not to be thy wife,
But firſt I pleade my duetie, and ſalute
The world agen.

Sir quin. My King, my Sonne, know all,
I am an Actor in this miſterie,
And beare the chiefeſt part. The Father I,
Twas I that miniſtred to her chaſte bloud,
A true ſomniferous potion, which did ſteale
Her thoughts to ſleepe, and flattered her with death:
I cal'd it a quick poiſon'd drug, to trie
The Bride-groomes loue, and the Brides conſtancie.
He in the paſſion of his loue did fight,
A combat with affection; ſo did both,
She for the poiſon ſtroue, he for his oath:
Thus like a happie Father, I haue won,
A conſtant Daughter, and a louing Sonne.

Kin. Mirrour of Maidens, wonder of thy name,
I giue thee that art giuen, pure, chaſte, the ſame
Heere Wat: I would not part (for the worlds pride)

So

So true a Bride-groome, and so chaste a Bride.

Cri. My Leige, to wed a Comicall euent,
To presupposed tragicke Argument:
Vouchsafe to exercise your eyes, and see
A humorous dreadfull Poet take degree.

Kin. Dreadfull in his proportion or his pen?

Cris. In both, he calles himselfe the whip of men.

Kin. If a cleare merit stand vpon his praise,
Reach him a Poets Crowne (the honour'd Bayes)
But if he claime it, wanting right thereto,
(As many bastard Sonnes of Poesie doe)
Race downe his vsurpation to the ground.
True Poets are with Arte and Nature Crown'd.
But in what molde so ere this man bee cast;
We make him thine Crispinus, wit and iudgement,
Shine in thy numbers, and thy soule I know,
Will not goe arm'd in passion gainst thy foe:
Therefore be thou our selfe; whilst our selfe sit,
But as spectator of this Sceane of wit.

Cri. Thankes royall Lord, for these high honors done,
To me vnworthie, my mindes brightest fires
Shall all consume themselues, in purest flame,
On the Alter of your deare eternall name.

Kin. Not vnder vs, but next vs take thy Seate,
„ *Arts nourished by Kings make Kings more great,*
Vse thy Authority.

Cris. Demetrius.
Call in that *self-creating Horace*, bring
Him and his *shaddow* foorth.

Dem. Both shall appeare,
„ *No black-eyed star must stick in vertues Spheare.*

Enter Sir Vaughan.

Sir Va. Ounds did you see him, I pray let all his Maestiies

most excellent dogs, be set at liberties, and haue their freedoms to smell him out.

Dem. Smell whom?

Sir Vaugh. Whom? the *Composer*, the *Prince of Poets*, *Horace*, *Horace*, he's departed: in Gods name and the Kinges I sarge you to ring it out from all our eares, for Horaces bodie is departed: Master hue and crie shall —— God blesse King Williams, I crie you mercy and aske forgiuenes, for mine eyes did not finde in their hearts to looke vppon your Maiestie.

Kin. What news with thee Sir Vaughan?

Sir Vau. Newes? God tis as vrse newes as I can desire to bring about mee: our vnhansome-fac'd Poet does play at bo-peepes with your Grace, and cryes all-hidde as boyes doe.

Officers. Stand by, roome there, backe, roome for the Poet.

Sir Va. He's reprehended and taken, by Sesu I reioyce very neere as much as if I had discouer'd a New-found Land, or the North and East Indies.

Enter Tucca, *his boy after him with two pictures vnder his cloake, and a wreath of nettles:* Horace *and* Bubo *put'd in by th'hornes bound both like Satyres,* Sir Adam *following, Mistris* Miniuer *with him wearing* Tuccaes *chaine.*

Tuc. So, tug, tug, pull the mad Bull in by'th hornes: So, baite one at that stake my place-mouth yelpers, and one at that stake Gurnets-head.

King. What busie fellow's this?

Tuc. Saue thee, my most gracious King a Harts saue thee, all hats and caps are thine, and therefore I vaile: for but to thee great *Sultane Soliman*, I scorne to be thus put off or to deliuer vp

this

this ſconce I wud.

Kin. Sir Vaughan, what's this iolly Captaines name?

Sir Va. Has a very ſufficient name, and is a man has don God and his Country as good and as hot Seruice (in conquering this vile Monſter-Poet) as euer did S. George his horſe-backe about the Dragon.

Tuc. I ſweate for't, but Tawſoone, holde thy tongue Mondu, if thou't praiſe mee, doo't behinde my backe: I am my weighty Soueraigne one of thy graines, thy valliant vaſſaile; aske not what I am, but read, turne ouer, vnclaſpe thy Chronicles: there thou ſhalt finde Buffe-Ierkin; there read my points of war; I am one a thy Mandilian-Leaders; one that enters into thy royall bands for thee; *Pantilius Tucca*; one of thy Kingdomes chiefeſt quarrellers; one a thy moſt faithfull --- fy --- fy --- fy ——

Sir Vau. Drunkerds I holde my life.

Tuc. No *whirligig*, one of his faithfull fighters; thy drawer ô royall *Tamor Cham*.

Sir Vau. Goe too, I pray Captaine Tucca, giue vs all leaue to doe our buſines before the King.

Tuc. With all my heart, shi, shi, shi ſhake that *Beare-whelp* when thou wut.

Sir Vau. Horace and Bubo, pray ſend an anſwere into his Maſeſties eares, why you goe thus in Ouids Morter-Morpheſis and ſtrange faſhions of apparrell.

Tuc. *Cur* why?

Aſini. My Lords, I was drawne into this beaſtly ſuite by head and ſhoulders onely for loue I bare to my Ningle.

Tuc. Speake Ningle, thy mouth's next, belch out, belch, why ——

Hor. I did it to retyre me from the world;
And turne my *Muſe* into a *Timoniſt*,
Loathing the general Leprozie of Sinne,
Which like a plague runs through the ſoules of men:

I did it but to ——

Tu. But to bite euery Motley-head vice by'th nose, you did it Ningle to play the Bug-beare Satyre, & make a Campe royall offashion-mongers quake at your paper Bullets; you Nastie Tortois, you and your Itchy Poetry breake out like Christmas, but once a yeare, and then you keepe a Reuelling, & Araigning, & a Scratching of mens faces, as tho you were Tyber the long-tail'd Prince of Rattes, doe you?

Cri. Horace.

Sir Vaughan. Silence, pray let all vrdes be strangled, or held fast betweene your teeth.

Cri. Vnder controule of my dread Soueraigne,
We are thy Iudges; thou that didst *Arraigne*,
Art now prepar'd for condemnation;
Should I but bid thy *Muse stand to the Barre*,
Thy selfe against her wouldst giue euidence:
For flat rebellion gainst the Sacred lawes,
Of diuine Poesie: heerein most she mist,
Thy pride and scorne made her turne Satirist,
And not her loue to vertue (as thou Preacheſt)
Or should we minister strong pilles to thee:
What lumpes of hard and indigested stuffe,
Of bitter *Satirisme*, of *Arrogance*,
Of *Selfe-loue*, of *Detraction*, of a blacke
And stinging *Insolence* should we fetch vp?
But none of these, we giue thee what's more fit,
With stinging nettles Crowne his stinging wit.

Tuc Wel said my Poeticall huckster, now he's in thy handling rate him, doe rate him well.

1 *Hor.* O I beseech your Maiesty, rather then thus to be neted, Ile ha my Satyres coate pull'd ouer mine eares, and bee turn'd out a the nine Muses Seruice.

Asin. And I too, let mee be put to my shiftes with myne Ningle.

Sir Vaugh. By

Sir Vau. By Sesu so you shall M. Bubo; flea off this hairie skin M. Horace, so, so, so, vntrusse, vntrusse.

Tuc. His Poeticall wreath my dapper puncke-fetcher.

Hor. Och ———

Tu. Nay your oohs, nor your *Callin-oes* cannot serue your turne; your tongue you know is full of blisters with rayling, your face full of pockey-holes and pimples, with your fierie inuentions: and therefore to preserue your head from aking, this Biggin is yours, ——— nay by Sesu you shall bee a Poet, though not Lawrefyed, yet Nettlefyed, so:

Tuc. Sirra stincker, thou'rt but vntrussi'd now, I owe thee a whipping still, and Ile pay it: I haue layde roddes in Pisse and Vineger for thee: It shall not bee the *Whipping a'th Satyre*, nor the Whipping of the blinde-Beare, but of a counterfeit Iugler, that steales the name of Horace.

Kin. How? counterfeit? does hee vsurpe that name?

Sir Vau. Yes indeede ant please your Grace, he does sup vp that abhominable name.

Tuc. Hee does O King *Cambises*, hee does: thou hast no part of Horace in thee, but's name, and his damnable vices: thou hast such a terrible mouth, that thy beard's afraide to peepe out: but, looke heere you staring Leuiathan, heere's the sweete visage of Horace; looke perboylde-face, looke; Horace had a trim long-beard, and a reasonable good face for a Poet, (as faces goe now-a-dayes) Horace did not skrue and wriggle himselfe into great Mens famyliarity, (impudentlie) as thou doest: nor weare the Badge of Gentlemens company, as thou doost thy Taffetie sleeues tackt too onely with some pointes of profit: No, Horace had not his face puncht full of Oylet-holes, like the couer of a warming-pan: Horace lou'd Poets well, and gaue Coxcombes to none but fooles; but thou lou'st

none,

none, neither Wisemen nor fooles, but thy selfe: Horace was a goodly Corpulent Gentleman, and not so leane a hollow-cheekt Scrag as thou art: No, heere's thee Coppy of thy countenance, by this will I learne to make a number of villanous faces more, and to looke scuruily vpon'th world, as thou dost.

Cr. Sir Vaughan will you minister their oath?

Sir Vau. Master Afinius Bubo, you shall sweare as little as you can, one oath shall damme vp your Innocent mouth.

Asi Crif. Any oath Sir, Ile sweare any thing.

Sir Va. You shall sweare by *Phœbus* (who is your Poets good Lord and Master,) that heere-after you will not hyre Horace, to giue you poesies for rings, or hand-kerchers, or kniues which you vnderstand not, nor to write your Loue-letters; which you (in turning of a hand) set your markes vpon, as your owne: nor you shall not carry Lattin Poets about you, till you can write and read English at most; and lastlye that you shall not call Horace your Ningle.

Asi Crif. By *Phœbus* I sweare all this, and as many oathes as you will, so I may trudge.

Sir Vau. Trudge then, pay your legs for Fees, and bee disfarg'd.

Tuc. Tprooth ---runne Red-cap, ware hornes there.

Exit Asi.

Sir Va. Now Master Horace, you must be a more horrible swearer, for your oath must be (like your wittes) of many collours; and like a Brokers booke of many parcels.

Tuc. Read, read; th'inuentory of his oath.

Hor. Ile sweare till my haire stands vp an end, to bee rid of this sting, oh this sting.

Sir Vau. Tis not your sting of conscience, is it?

Tuc. Vpon him: *Inprimis.*

Sir Vaugh. *Inprimis*, you shall sweare by *Phœbus* and the halfe

halfe a ſcore Muſes lacking one: not to ſweare to hang your ſelfe, if you thought any Man, Ooman or Silde, could write Playes and Rimes, as well-fauour'd ones as your ſelfe.

Tuc. Well ſayd, haſt brought him toth gallowes already?

Sir Vaugh. You ſhall ſweare not to bumbaſt out a new Play, with the olde lynings of Ieſtes, ſtolne from the Temples Reuels.

Tuc. To him olde Tango.

Sir Va. Moreouer, you ſhall not ſit in a Gallery, when your Comedies and Enterludes haue entred their Actions, and there make vile and bad faces at euerie lyne, to make Sentlemen haue an eye to you, and to make Players afraide to take your part.

Tuc. Thou ſhalt be my Ningle for this.

Sir Vau Beſides, you muſt forſweare to venter on the ſtage, when your Play is ended, and to exchange curtezies, and complements with Gallants in the Lordes roomes, to make all the houſe riſe vp in Armes, and to cry that's Horace, that's he, that's he, that's he, that pennes and purges Humours and diſeaſes.

Tuc. There boy, agen.

Sir Vvu. Secondly, when you bid all your friends to the marriage of a poore couple, that is to ſay: your *Wits and neceſſities, alias dictus, to the rifling of your Muſe: alias, your Muſes vp-ſitting: alias a Poets Whitſon-Ale*; you ſhall ſweare that within three dayes after, you ſhall not abroad, in Booke-binders ſhops, brag that your *Vize-royes* or *Tributorie-Kings*, haue done homage to you, or paide quarterage.

Tuc. Ile buſſe thy head Holofernes.

Sir Vaugh. Moreouer and *Inprimis*, when a Knight or

Sentlemen of vrship, does giue you his passe-port, to trauaile in and out to his Company, and giues you money for Gods sake; I trust in Sesu, you will sweare (tooth and nayle) not to make scalde and wry-mouth Iestes vpon his Knight-hood, wlll you not?

Hor. I neuer did it by Parnassus.

Tuc. Wut sweare by Parnassus and lye too, Doctor Doddipol.

Sir Va. Thirdly, and last of all sauing one, when your Playes are misse-likt at Court, you shall not crye Mew like a Pusse-cat, and say you are glad you write out of the Courtiers Element.

Tuc. Let the Element alone tis out a thy reach.

Sir Vau. In brieflynes, when you Sup in Tauernes, amongst your betters, you shall sweare not to dippe your Manners in too much sawce, nor at Table to fling Epigrams, Embleames, or Play-speeches about you (lyke Hayle-stones) to keepe you out of the terrible daunger of the Shot, vpon payne to sit at the vpper ende of the Table, a'th left hand of Carlo Buffon: sweare all this, by Apollo and the eight or nine Muses.

Hor. By Apollo, Helicon, the Muses (who march three and three in a rancke) and by all that belongs to Pernassus, I sweare all this.

Tuc. Beare witnes.

Cris. That fearefull wreath, this honour is your due,
All Poets shall be Poet-Apes but you;
Thankes (*Learnings true Mecœnas, Poesies king*)
Thankes for that gracious eare, which you haue lent,
To this most tedious, most rude argument.

Kin. Our spirits haue well been feasted; he whose pen
Drawes both corrupt, and cleare bloud from all men:

(Careles

(Careles what veine he prickes) let him not raue,
When his owne ſides are ſtrucke, blowes, blowes, doe craue.

Tuc. Kings-truce, my noble Hearbe-a-grace; my Princely ſweet-William, a boone ----- Stay firſt, Iſt a match or no match, Lady Furniuall Iſt?

Sir Ad. & Sir quint. A match?

Mini. I, a match, ſince he hath hit the Miſtris ſo often i'th fore-game, we'll eene play out a rubbers.

Sir Ada Take her for me.

Sir quin. Take her for thy ſelfe, not for me.

Sir Vau. Play out your rubbers in Gods name, by Seſu Ile neuer boule more in your Alley, Iddow.

Sir Quint. My Chaine.

Sir Adam My Purſe.

Tuc. Ile Chaine thee preſently, and giue thee ten pound and a purſe: a boone my Leige: ----- daunce ô my delicate Rufus, at my wedding with this reuerend Antiquary; iſt done? wut thou?

Kin. Ile giue thee Kingly honour: *Night* and *Sleepe*,
With ſilken Ribands would tye vp our eyes,
But Miſtris Bride, one meaſure ſhall be led,
In ſcorne of Mid-nights haſt, and then to bed. *Exeunt.*

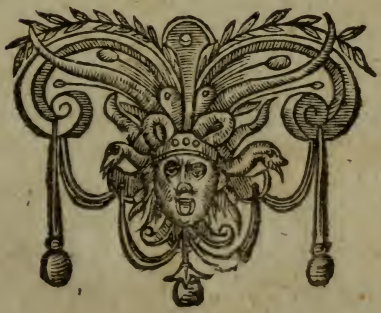
Epilogus:

Tucca. GEntlemen, Gallants, and you my little Swaggerers that fight lowe: my tough hearts of Oake that ſtand too't ſo valliantly, and are ſtill within a yard of your Capten: Now the Trumpets (that ſet men together by the eares) haue left their Tantara-rag-boy, let's part friends. I recant, beare witnes all you Gentle-folkes (that walke i'th Galleries) I recant the opinions which I helde of Courtiers, Ladies, & Cittizens, when once (in an aſſembly of Friers) I railde vpon them: that Hereticall Libertine Horace, tanght me ſo to mouth it. Beſides, twas when ſtiffe Tucca was a boy: twas not Tucca that railde and roar'd then, but the Deuill & his Angels: But now, Kings-truce, the Capten Summons a parlee, and deliuers himſelfe and his prating company into your hands, vpon what compoſition you wil. Are you pleaſ'd? and Ile dance Friskin for ioy, but if you be not, by'th Lord Ile ſee you all——heere for your two pence a peice agen, before Ile looſe your company. I know now ſome be come hyther with cheekes ſwolne as big with hiſſes, as if they had the tooth-ach: vds-foote, if I ſtood by them, Ide bee ſo bold as —— intreate them to hiſſe in another place. Are you aduiz'd what you doe when you hiſſe? you blowe away Horaces reuenge: but if you ſet your

hands

hands and Seales to this, Horace will write againſt it, and you may haue more ſport: he ſhall not looſe his labour, he ſhall not turne his blanke verſes into waſt paper: No, my Poëtaſters will not laugh at him, but will vntruſſe him agen, and agen, and agen. Ile tell you what you ſhall doe, caſt your little Tucca into a Bell: doe, make a Bell of me, and be al you my clappers, vpon condition, wee may haue a luſtie peale, this colde weather: I haue but two legs left me, and they are both yours: Good night my two penny Tenants God night.

FINIS.



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